

G  
670  
1877  
.F63

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. <sup>G</sup> 670 Copyright 1877.

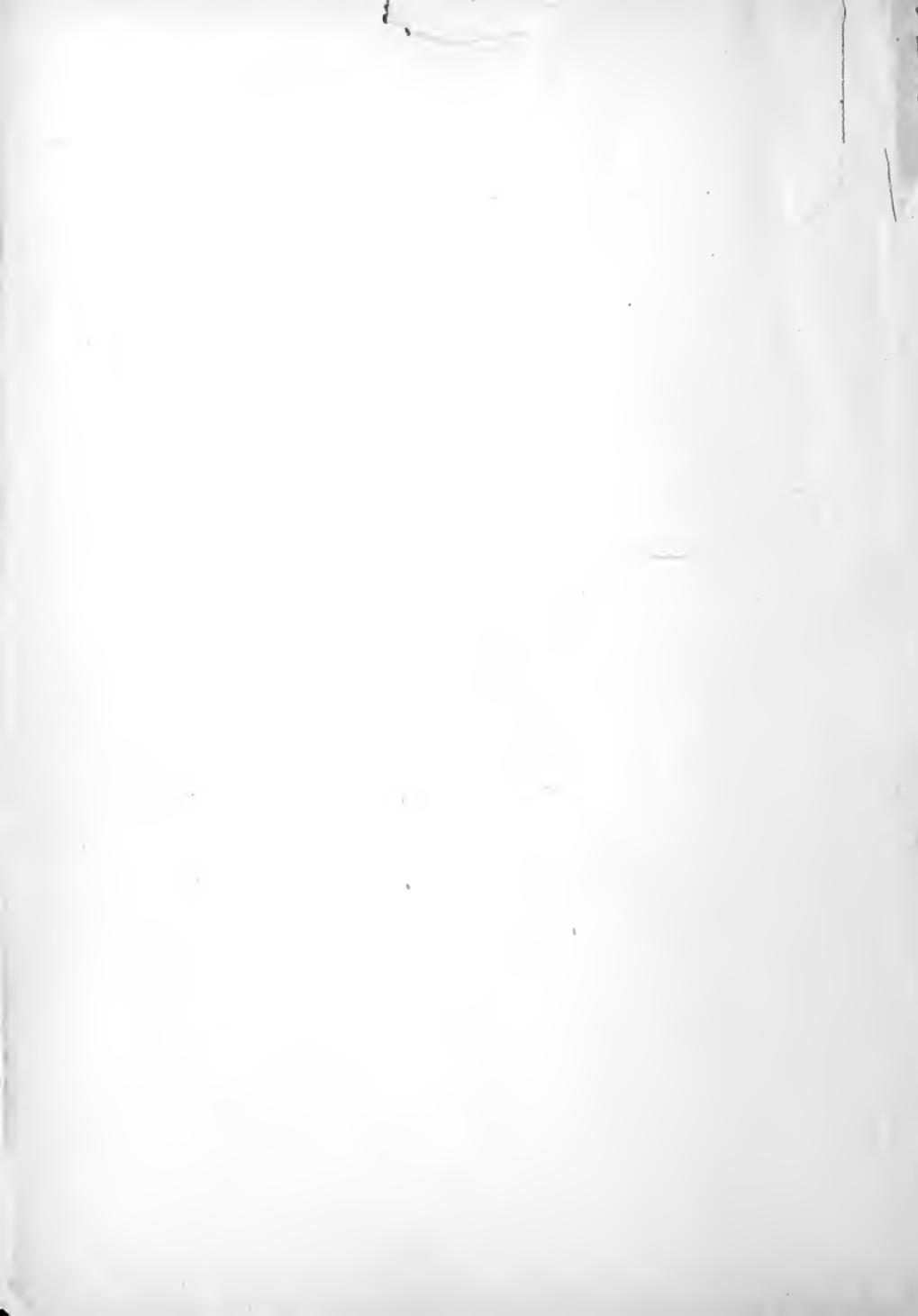
Shelf 1877  
F63

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

2926







26. 1200 P.M.

THE  
CRAVASS  
ON  
THE  
FORENSIC

CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, U.S.A.

James J. Chapman, Publisher, Washington, D. C.



THE  
CRUISE OF THE FLORENCE;

OR,

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE PRE-  
LIMINARY ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF  
1877-'78.

---

EDITED BY  
CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, U. S. A.

---

WASHINGTON, D. C.:  
JAMES J. CHAPMAN, PUBLISHER.  
1879.

77

G 670

1877

F 63

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by

JAMES J. CHAPMAN,

---

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

---

---

*Thomas McGill & Co.,  
Printers and Stereotypers,  
Washington, D. C.*

---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTORY, - - - - -	5

### PART FIRST.

NEW LONDON TO CUMBERLAND GULF, - - - - -	13
--	----

### PART SECOND.

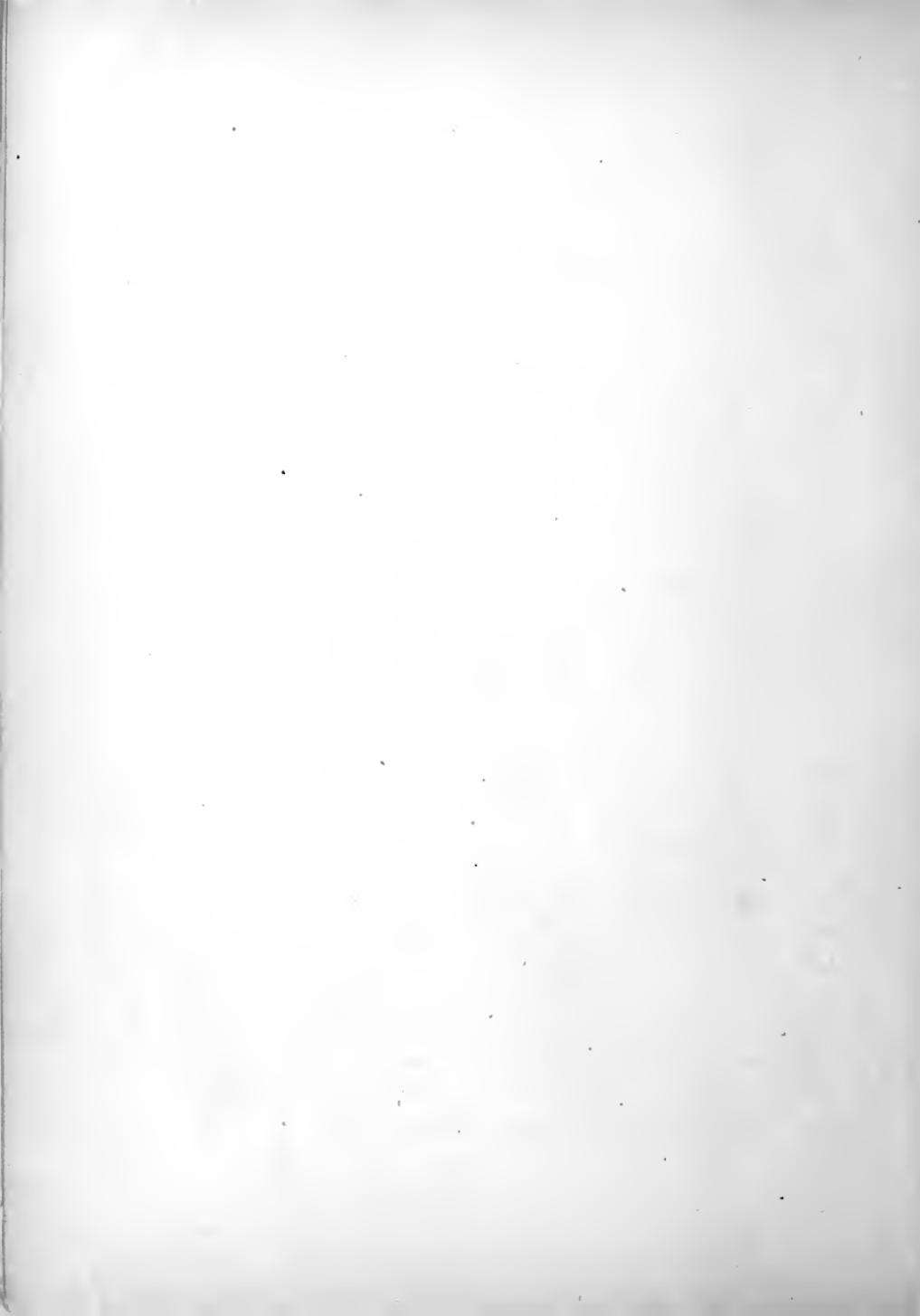
WINTER IN CUMBERLAND GULF, - - - - -	33
--------------------------------------	----

### PART THIRD.

ANNANATOOK TO DISCO, - - - - -	152
--------------------------------	-----

### PART FOURTH.

HOMEWARD BOUND, - - - - -	174
---------------------------	-----



## INTRODUCTORY.

---

A number of public spirited and generous citizens of the United States, having faith in the success of the colonization plan as a means of Arctic exploration, and believing in its ultimate approval by Congress, in substantial accordance with the bill reported favorably from the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives at the last session of the Forty-fourth Congress, contributed from their private means a sufficient sum for the purchase and outfit of a small vessel to be sent to the Arctic seas for the purpose of collecting such supplies during the ensuing winter as might be useful for the main expedition of 1878, if that expedition should be authorized. It was at first intended to limit the mission of this vessel to the collection of material only, but the opportunity for scientific investigation was so inviting, and the added cost incurred thereby so very trifling in comparison with the results to be attained, that space was made on board for two observers and their necessary apparatus. One of these observers was selected upon the recommendation of Professor Elias Loomis, of Yale College, and instructed to pay especial attention to meteorological phenomena ; while the other was selected as naturalist of the expedition by Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, from whom he received special instructions.

Captain George E. Tyson, who served on board the *Polaris* with Captain Hall, was intrusted with the task of selecting a suitable vessel for the preliminary expedition, which, while large enough to accomplish the desired objects, would not exceed in cost the sum available for its purchase and outfit. After careful examination he selected the *Florence*, of New London, a schooner of fifty-six tons burden, which was purchased upon his recommendation, and the work of strengthening her for ice navigation at once commenced under his personal supervision. It was at first hoped to have the vessel ready for sailing on the 25th of July, but the illness of Captain Tyson and the prevalence of rainy weather delayed her until the morning of August 3, upon which date she sailed with a full crew and complete outfit for one year's work, including the necessary apparatus for a whaling voyage on a small scale, as it was proposed that the vessel should bring on her return voyage a cargo of bone and oil, and thus make the enterprise a self-supporting one if possible.

The public interest evinced in the proposed station within the Arctic circle has been very gratifying from the first, and the fitting out of the preliminary expedition brought applications in great numbers, both personal and by letter, from parties desirous of accompanying it as members of the crew, as passengers, or in any capacity that would enable them to share in the prospective perils and honors of the enterprise. The number of good men offered was so large that it made the task of selection a difficult one, but it is believed that no little band better fitted out for the work, by strong frames, courage, and endurance, have

ever gone forth to the Arctic seas than those who were finally selected and who sailed upon the *Florence*.

The *Florence* was a good sea-boat, staunch, stout, seaworthy, and a fast sailer, and was thoroughly strengthened for her encounters with the ice. The supply of provisions and other stores for officers and crew was carefully selected, and with proper economy would have proved ample for the voyage. Kind friends from all parts of the country contributed from their stores, in addition to articles of food and clothing, a liberal supply of books and papers to while away the long, weary hours of the sunless Arctic winter. A spare berth in the forecastle was filled with story-books, histories, novels, and volumes of poetry; a large trunk was filled to overflowing with papers, and still another was loaded down with magazines; the whole making a library of considerable dimensions. The heads of several departments of the Government manifested a kindly interest in the expedition, not merely by verbal approval, but by substantial aid. The different bureaus of the War Department, acting under the authority of the Secretary of War, were particularly active in the matter. The Ordnance Office furnished rifles and muskets and necessary ammunition. The Chief Signal Officer of the Army supplied a complete outfit of necessary instruments for making meteorological observations. The Surgeon-General furnished a supply of medicines and the necessary minor surgical instruments for use in case of accidents to members of the expedition, and the Quartermaster-General furnished tents and camp equipage. The Secretary of the Navy furnished a complete outfit of maps, charts, and sail-

ing directions. To these heads of departments and bureaus the grateful thanks of the friends of Arctic exploration are due for their timely and efficient aid.

The following instructions, furnished to Captain Tyson upon the day of sailing, will give an idea of the aim, objects, and scope of this preliminary expedition :

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1877.

Captain GEORGE E. TYSON.

Commanding Preliminary Arctic Expedition of 1877,  
New London, Conn.

SIR : The command of the schooner *Florence*, of the Preliminary Arctic Expedition of 1877, is intrusted to you, and the officers and men forming the crew are enjoined to render strict obedience to your orders.

In the event of your death while on this expedition—an event which is to be devoutly hoped may not occur—the command will devolve upon the first mate, and should he also be disabled or die, upon the second mate ; and such survivor will carry out to the best of his ability the objects of the expedition, keeping a stout heart and committing himself and comrades to the care of Divine Providence.

#### THE OBJECT OF THE EXPEDITION.

The primary object of the expedition is the collection of material for the use of the future colony on the shores of Lady Franklin Bay. This material will consist of Esquimaux to the number of ten families, if that number can be obtained of young, strong, healthy persons willing to be transferred to the location of the future colony ; of dogs, not less than twenty-five in number, mostly females, and selected for their docility, training, strength, and endurance ; of sledges, two in number, and completely and carefully fitted up for travel ; and of clothing in ample quantities to supply fifty persons for three years. The clothing will be carefully selected, of choice furs and skins, and

all made up by native women. The secondary object of the expedition is the collection of scientific data and specimens, as the field is a new one and possessing unusual interest.

#### WHALING EN VOYAGE.

The third, and to the crew most interesting object, is the capture of a sufficient amount of bone and oil to make a profitable return cargo; and this part of the work is so completely within your own province that I will not venture to give any instructions. I must caution you, however, to be on your guard against letting the pursuit of gain interfere in any manner with the successful issue of the two first-named objects of the expedition. It is from them that the lasting results of the voyage will be obtained and the interests of science and commerce best subserved. The precise locality of your winter quarters is left in a great measure to your judgment, but should probably be on the northern side of Cumberland Island. In making the selection, if the state of the weather and condition of the ice leave any choice, the locality should be that which is best adapted for the collection of supplies, and which offers the best facilities for breaking out in the summer of 1878 in time to reach Disco by August 1, if possible, and certainly not later than August 6.

#### CARING FOR THE NATIVES AND DOGS.

Provision must be made for the proper maintenance and care of the natives who are to become members of the future polar colony; and also of the dogs which are to form so important a part of the outfit of that colony. They must be quartered as comfortably as the limited accommodations of the schooner will permit, fed well, and kept thoroughly clean.

#### THE SCIENTISTS.

The two scientific members of the expedition, while not forming, strictly speaking, a part of the crew, will, in case of necessity, be required to perform duty, and will at all times be subject to your orders and discipline. Every proper facility will be given them in the discharge of their respective duties, and to

aid in securing full and valuable results from their labors. Mr. Sherman will have charge of the meteorological instruments, observations, and records, and of the photographic apparatus and work. In both of these duties it is my wish that you should aid him cheerfully and constantly, and in the event of his sickness, or inability, from any cause, to attend to his observations, to make such arrangements as will insure a continuous series of the most important ones. The utmost caution must be exercised in handling the delicate instruments, to guard against their breakage or other injury and the consequent interruption of the observations. The results of the photographic work will be very interesting to the general public as well as to the scientific student, and every opportunity should be taken to secure good negatives of places, localities, and objects, and also of the different operations connected with the pursuit and capture of whales, seals, &c. Mr. Kumlein, who goes as the representative of the Smithsonian Institution, under the instructions of Professor Spence F. Baird, the distinguished naturalist, for the purpose of collecting specimens of the flora and fauna of the country, will be accorded the most ample facilities for the performance of his duties consistent with a proper regard for the main object of the expedition. His labors, if properly supported and reasonably successful, will prove, it is hoped, of lasting advantage, and make the expedition a notable one in scientific annals.

#### THE EXPEDITION OF 1878.

On reaching Disco in August, 1878, if the vessel carrying the members and outfit of the colony has arrived, you will transfer to such vessel the Esquimaux, dogs, sledges, and clothing collected for the purpose, and take the commanding officer's receipt for the same. This being done, you will return as rapidly as possible to New London, whence you will report by telegraph to me at Washington, D. C., for further orders. If the colonization vessel has not arrived, you will wait for it until August 15, when you will store the sledges and clothing to the care of the Governor of Disco; leave the dogs also in his care, and return

the natives to their home on Cumberland Island. This done, you will return to New London and report, as before, for instructions.

Should any of your crew wish to accompany the colonization vessel, you will grant them permission to do so, with the consent of the commander of that expedition, and provided you retain enough men to bring the *Florence* safely back to the United States.

#### TEMPERANCE.

Great care must be exercised in the use of spirituous liquors, both among the members of the expedition and in dealing with the natives. Useful as liquor undoubtedly is in its place, and under suitable restrictions, it is easily capable of the most frightful abuse, and of leading this expedition to disaster, as it has done others in the past. I trust in your strong good sense and past experience to guard against danger from this source, and desire you to know that I have only permitted a supply in quantity of liquors to form part of the *Florence*'s outfit in deference to your own strongly-expressed wishes.

#### DEALING WITH THE ABORIGINES.

In dealing with the natives it is my wish, as doubtless it is your inclination, that you should be kind and liberal to the extent of your means and ability, and in all points of difference, should any arise, to be just, but firm.

#### FINAL.

Bear constantly in mind the fact that this is not a whaling voyage, but the first step in a work that will, I trust, when completed, be a noteworthy one in the annals of geographical and scientific discovery. This fact should also be carefully impressed upon the crew, in order that they may work intelligently and with proper interest.

Be careful of the health of your men, using such measures for the purpose as your long experience in Arctic waters suggests as necessary.

In conclusion, I commend yourself and crew to the care of an

All-wise Power, with the prayer that your voyage may be prosperous and your return a safe and happy one.

H. W. HOWGATE,

*United States Army.*

Sailing from New London on August 3, 1877, the *Flor-  
ence* reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on her homeward  
voyage, September 26, 1878. Here she remained, making  
such repairs as had been rendered necessary by the rough  
weather, until the 12th of October, when she sailed for  
home, encountering a succession of storms, during which  
anxious friends mourned for those on board as lost. She  
fortunately rode out the storms in safety, and, after touch-  
ing at Provincetown, Massachusetts, October 26, for sup-  
plies, dropped anchor in New London harbor on the morn-  
ing of the 30th, after an absence of fifteen months.

Although the voyage was not a profitable one financially,  
owing to the unusual scarcity of whales in Cumberland  
Gulf, in other respects it was satisfactory.

Clothing was accumulated, dogs purchased, and the serv-  
ices of a sufficient number of the natives secured for the  
proposed station at Lady Franklin Bay, and had Congress  
granted the desired assistance, the Polar mystery would by  
this date have been solved.

The following extracts from Captain Tyson's official jour-  
nal are published, to complete in detail the record of the  
expedition.

The scientific results of the voyage will be soon given to  
the public. The report of the naturalist is now running  
through the press, while that of the meteorologist is nearly  
ready for the printer.

# THE CRUISE OF THE FLORENCE.

---

## Part First.

### NEW LONDON TO CUMBERLAND GULF.

In the spring of 1877, nearly five years after my return from the Polaris Expedition, Captain H. W. Howgate, of the United States Army, conceived the plan of forming a colony in the Arctic regions for scientific observations, and also for the purpose of reaching the North Pole, if possible. With this end in view, he had many consultations with me and others relative to the subject and the best mode of carrying it to a successful termination. It was finally settled that he would either charter or purchase a small vessel, to proceed to Cumberland Gulf, or elsewhere, to procure Esquimaux, dogs, sledges, and all the skins and skin-clothing that it was possible to accumulate. The Esquimaux men were to be the dog-drivers and the hunters of the expedition; the women were to be the boot-makers and the tailors. The employment of the women was decided upon in view of the fact that it would be impossible, or very difficult, to induce the men to leave their native mountains

without their wives and children. The preliminary expedition was to sail one year previous to the grand expedition, which it was supposed would start in the spring of 1878. It—the preliminary—was to winter in Cumberland Gulf, or elsewhere, where Esquimaux and the above-mentioned articles could be found and secured. In the spring of 1878, the vessel, on being relieved from her winter quarters, was to proceed direct to Disco Island, on the coast of Greenland, meet the main expedition at that island, transfer whatever had been collected, and return home.

Everything being settled as to the future of the expedition, should Captain Howgate succeed in starting one, a subscription list was opened in New York and elsewhere, and the desired amount was soon collected, and I was dispatched to procure a suitable vessel for the purpose. I arrived in New London, Connecticut, in the latter part of June, and there found the schooner *Florence*, belonging to Messrs. Williams & Haven. The *Florence* had recently arrived from a whaling voyage around Cape Horn, and the firm was desirous of selling her, as she was too small for its business. I thought she would answer the desired purpose, and the vessel was finally purchased for the sum of \$4,000. Mr. Williams generously gave \$200 toward the enterprise. It was getting late in the season, and it was necessary to make all possible haste in preparing the vessel for sea and for sailing in the ice-ridden waters

of Davis's Strait. This was accomplished by the 2d of August, and with a "Farewell!" and a "God bless you!" to our loved ones, we sailed from New London harbor, to be gone probably fourteen months. The crew consisted of the following named persons:

George E. Tyson, of New Jersey, master.

William Sisson, of Connecticut, first officer.

Denison Burrows, of Connecticut, second officer.

Eleazor Cone, of Connecticut, steward.

Richard B. York, of Connecticut, seaman.

William A. Albion, of Connecticut, seaman.

James W. Lee, of Connecticut, ordinary seaman.

Joel B. Butler, of Connecticut, seaman.

Charles H. Fuller, of Connecticut, green hand.

David T. Reese, of Connecticut, ordinary seaman.

John McPartland, of Connecticut, ordinary seaman.

The passengers and scientists were Orray Taft Sherman and Ludwig Kumlein.

The morning we sailed the wind was to the eastward, but we managed to fetch out of the harbor on the port tack, and also through the race. We were accompanied by quite a number of friends and acquaintances, and also by the steam-tug *Wellington*, Captain Waterman, who was to take our temporary passengers back. My little boy also accompanied me; but soon the motion of the schooner made him sea-sick. I attempted to console him, but he requested me not to talk to him, with the remark that I ought

to know how it was myself. On getting well through the race, and our friends now growing rather noisy, I hailed the tug, and, heaving the schooner to, Captain Waterman came alongside, and our friends, bidding us God-speed and a safe return, left us. Man is seldom or never contented. I must say I envied them. They were going back to their friends and loved ones, while I was going from them.

The wind was still to the eastward, so we kept beating to windward through the day. The ebb-tide swept us out so that by midnight we were well clear of Montauk Point, the eastern point of Long Island.

Nothing of note occurred until the 8th of August, when we sighted Sambro Light. It was comparatively calm and somewhat foggy. Occasionally the mist would lift, displaying to our view the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia, with its bold headlands, its farm cottages, and the light-house, which looks like some grim giant standing sentinel. It was my intention to go through the straits of Belle Isle, to shorten, if possible, the passage north. This would cut off some three hundred miles, and I was in a hurry, as it was late in the summer, and we should at that date have been at our destination. We continued beating along the coast, the wind remaining in the eastern quarter,—now strong, then light; and it was nearly all the time foggy. The vessel was kept close in with the land,—so close, indeed, that the breakers were seldom out of

hearing. I hoped in doing this to get a breeze from the land.

On the 12th of August it was still foggy, though lifting occasionally. At 10.30 A. M. we passed the island (or, rather, rocks) of Scutari, the eastern end of the coast of Nova Scotia, and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From the 12th to the 14th we had light easterly wind and fog. The fog lifting on the 14th, we sighted the island of St. Paul, and in the afternoon the island of Newfoundland. The wind still remaining ahead, we had a dead beat of it. On the 16th the wind blew strong and the weather was thick. The schooner was brought down to close-reefed mainsail and foresail, with bonnet of jib. As if to make the weather more uncomfortable, it rained in torrents, but without abating the wind.

On Sunday, August 19th, the wind died away, but left us the fog and rain. The schooner was very deep, and anything but comfortable in heavy weather, though she acted nobly throughout. As the straits were not altogether free from danger, I hauled up and bent the larboard chain. I hoped it would not be needed, but it was just possible that it might. The straits of Belle Isle are not the most pleasant place in which to get on shore. The wind continuing from the south and east, we made but slow progress. On the 29th the fog lifted for a few minutes, and we found ourselves in the narrows of the straits, with a large bark in com-

pany. Being anxious to send word home, I watched my opportunity, and, in spite of the fog, luffed close ahead of the bark, dropped a boat and sent letters on board. She was bound to Europe, and had been eighteen days endeavoring to get out of the straits, but could not on account of fog and head-winds. The second mate, whom I sent on board with the letters, did not ask her name, so I am unable to give it.

On the return of the boat we bore up again. The wind was light and variable, and the fog, if anything, more dense than ever. Now and then it would light up, disclosing to our view the shore, the huts of the fishermen, and their small craft moored along the shore. Occasionally the fog would roll over us, enveloping us in its disagreeable, wet, and sombre mantle, and then the fog-horns would send forth their sonorous sounds from the surrounding vessels, the small craft joining in the chorus. In this manner we kept along, our own fog-horn continually going.

On the 22d we sighted the Belle Isles,—Big Belle and Little Belle. I wished to land on one or both of the islands; but being some distance from them, and as it might cause a long delay, if not worse consequences, I decided not to do so. Towards evening a breeze sprung up from the south-west, with rain. We now stood out, between Great Belle and Little Belle, into the North Atlantic Ocean. The wind soon increased to a gale and brought us down to storm-sails.

The next day it was still blowing, but from the north-east. Toward evening, however, it moderated, and hauled to the south-east; and so it continued,—light breeze from the south-east, with thick fog and heavy swell; then light breeze from the north-east, thick fog and heavy swell. In fact, we had light breezes from every point of the compass, scarcely ever clear of fog, and all the time a heavy swell. The atmosphere lighted up several times, however, and we could then see the land,—the coast of Labrador,—which was not far off. It seldom remained clear for more than an hour at a time. We seemed to carry the fog with us,—calm and fog, light wind and fog, and heavy swell all the time; so heavy, in fact, that to save the schooner's sails I lowered them and tied them up, to keep them from slating off her. This weather lasted till the 2d of September, with nothing to break the monotony except the sight of two icebergs. On the 2d we sighted Resolution Island. The wind gave us a slant along the coast. We stood across the mouth of Frobisher's Straits. I intended to enter Codding Bay, and to sail thence to New-gum-eute, to trade for skins, and, if possible, to get some Esquimaux; but my hopes were premature. Again the fog shut down thicker than ever. In fact, we had groped our way in the dark from New London to Frobisher's Straits, and were yet in the darkness. Here we were, right in among the island reefs, which lie some forty miles off the mainland,

with strong currents and bergs without number, a very heavy swell which we could hear around us, and were yet uncertain whether it was caused by the rocks or bergs. Hauling the jib to the mast,—for there was a light breeze from the south-east,—we lay quiet all night, except now and then keeping off for a supposed berg or an island. It was too dense to distinguish which, so we went by the sound of the breakers and avoided both.

The weather continuing bad, we finally determined, as it was getting late, to run for the Gulf of Cumberland, and bore up on the 4th. Shortly after, hearing breakers close aboard and directly ahead, held off and passed near to several large bergs, against which the surf was breaking furiously.

After clearing these mountains of ice we stood along for some time, when breakers were again heard. This time something besides ice was in the way. It proved to be one of the many islands in that vicinity. About the same time we sighted the island we discovered a large berg directly to windward and close to,—so close that I could have thrown a biscuit to it. It was not safe to put the helm down and go in stays, for the schooner would have gone directly into the berg, and the island was close under our lee, its perpendicular side dashing the spray high into the air. There was a good breeze, and we were on the wind. We could neither luff nor keep off, but must go between the berg

and the island; and this we did. The little schooner shot through like a thing endowed with life, and in an instant, almost, the berg and island were hidden from view in the fog. Just previous to this we kept off to clear what we thought to be bergs; but on getting to leeward of them the fog lifted a very little and disclosed to us two islands within a stone's-throw.

I now tried to think where we were, and came to the conclusion that we were off the southernmost cape of the entrance to the gulf.

On the 5th the wind was strong from the north-east, with rain and a heavy sea. We sighted land and tacked close to it. The fog was too thick to permit me to make out the locality. Towards evening the wind backed to the north and blew strongly, which brought us down under close-reefed sails.

On the 6th the wind was very strong from the north and west. We could see the land, and ascertained our position. We were in the mouth of the gulf.

The north-west wind was extremely cold. We had warm east and south-east winds up to this date, and therefore felt the cold severely.

The gale lasted until the 8th, when it moderated. Towards evening a light breeze sprung up from the south-east, and rain commenced falling. We were now off Kuk-e-luyer Island, about twenty miles below Niantilic Harbor. Towards evening the rain ceased and the wind shifted to the north-west, and soon in-

creased to a heavy gale. The schooner was put under storm-sails, and began drifting out into the gulf. The gale was fearful through the night and the sea ran very high, and, to add terror to our situation, the night was most intensely dark. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, when the gale was at its height and the sea running heavily, I found it necessary to wear around on the other tack.

There was danger in such a storm and in such a sea, but it must be done. All the sail the schooner was able to carry was a close-reefed foresail, to keep her from rolling to windward, of which there was great danger.

There was another danger, greater than all the rest, which none but myself knew. This was, of drifting upon Wareman's Island, rising some two thousand feet above the sea, and close under our lee. All hands were called and everything made ready. The helm was put hard-up, and in an instant her head payed off. She lay deep in the swell, her lee rail and half of the deck being under water; in fact, for an instant she appeared to be on her beam ends. She obeyed her helm admirably at this critical juncture, and as her head payed off a little more, the pressure on her became less, she righted, and, shaking herself like some huge water-dog, bounded off before the wind.

Watching my opportunity, I brought her safely to on the other tack, and she rode out the gale. In the

morning the wind moderated, but at sunrise it was still blowing strongly. The 11th brought no better weather, until along towards evening, when the wind died away, with occasional snow-squalls, and we passed a comfortable night.

The damages by the gale may be summed up as follows: One boat stove in; one steering oar and one barrel of onions swept overboard; and a good scare for all hands.

Shortly after sunrise, on the 12th, the wind commenced to blow from the south-east. We were then about thirty miles below Kuk-e-luyer Island, having drifted about thirty miles in the gale. Making all sail, we ran off before the wind, and at 3 o'clock that afternoon were safely anchored in Niantilic Harbor.

At Niantilic we found the brig *Alert*, Captain Watson, of Peterhead, Scotland, and the bark *Polar Star*, of the same place. Parties from these vessels soon came on board and gave us the news. The steamer *Exanthe*, Captain Simon, and the steamer *Windward*, Captain Murray, had been in the gulf; but as soon as the whaling was over had sailed for New-gum-eute, taking with them most of the Esquimaux. This was bad news for us, as most of the skins worth purchasing must certainly have been taken by these vessels. They had also carried away the natives whom we had hoped to get. The *Perseverance*, Captain Brown, was at Kickerton Island, on the other side of the gulf. They

expected him over in a few days, and that he would winter here.

Murray, with his steamer, was coming back in the fall, and he, too, was going to winter here. This was a damper to all my hopes. What with four vessels wintering here, all with large crews, and two steamers at Kickerton Island with more men, who must all have skin-clothing, and with plenty of truck or material to trade for it, my chances were very poor of getting skin-clothing and Esquimaux sufficient to satisfy those who intrusted me with the command of the vessel for that very purpose. It was too late to leave the gulf and seek a more favorable place, so I concluded to stay and do the best I could. The natives were off deer-hunting, and there were only two families left on shore, those of old Tes-e-wane and another, both cripples. Old Tes-e-wane has been a very useful man heretofore, but has recently been disabled by the premature discharge of his gun.

While awaiting the return of the Esquimaux we repaired our boat and the foresail which had been damaged in the late gale. The weather at Niantilic on the nights of the 10th and 11th was described as terrific. The vessels *Alert* and *Polar Star* dragged their anchors, although they held them down with a hundred fathoms of chain out. Old Tes-e-wane said it was the strongest wind he had ever seen in his life.

On the 14th the Scotch bark *Perseverance* arrived

Light north and west winds and snow-squalls prevail. All hands were actively employed preparing boats for whaling. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Sherman, we put up a tent on what we call "Arctic Island," so that he would be able to take scientific observations, which he was most eager to do. We had rain and we had snow; then hail, and occasionally sunshine. Mr. Kumlein employed his time shooting birds and collecting other material on the shores and along the shore at low water. September was drawing to a close, and no natives yet.

September 27.—Some of the Esquimaux arrived yesterday evening, but went directly to the Scotch ships, the master having engaged them previous to their starting on the hunting expedition. This morning, after breakfast, we were surprised at seeing a number of boats filled with Esquimaux, men, women, and children, with a goodly mixture of dogs, rotten skins, rotten fish, &c., coming toward the schooner. They were soon alongside and over the rail on deck. What a motley-looking set! Their skins were strangely spotted, but with what it was difficult to determine; probably grease and dirt. Here and there we could see, through the dirt and grease, or between the spots, their dark-brown skins. Many of them had sore eyes, and all were very dirty. They had been off in the mountains for two months, and had had no opportunity to wash. Soap

is not manufactured among the Esquimaux, so that those who are not convenient to the shipping stations come into the world and go out of it without knowing the luxury of a wash! They had come on board to pay me a complimentary visit, so it was necessary to entertain them. The cabin was soon crowded, and not only the cabin, but the cabin steps, the companion-way, and the after-part of the deck,—all apparently eager to get one word or look from an old acquaintance, or mayhap to get a little fire-water or a piece of tobacco. Some of them I knew years ago, in 1851 and 1852, the first time white men ever ventured to winter in Cumberland Gulf. They were old men and old women now, and there are only a few of them left. Many of my old acquaintances had gone to the happy hunting-grounds, where the deer and seals are more plentiful and the weather not so cold. They all appeared happy to see me once more among them; but it soon became unpleasant, to me, at least. What with the screeching of young ones which many of the women had in their hoods on their backs, the barking and howling of their dogs in the boats alongside, and the continued clatter of the tongues of all,—men, women, and half-grown children,—I concluded to get rid of them as soon as possible. So, hauling out the bottle, I gave each a dram, and then sent him or her on deck to make room for the others, who were eager to get below. It took several hours to get rid of them, but before doing so I

purchased some skins and obtained the promise of more; but it was very evident to me that the Scotch whaler had got nearly their whole stock.

On the 29th two more boats arrived. One went directly to the Scotchmen; the other came alongside the schooner. I looked over the side to see if it was anybody I knew, and beheld Tyson. This must not startle the reader. I will explain after a time. And there was Mrs. Tyson, too, as beautiful and as dirty as ever. And there were also two little Tysons,—not genuine, though, but adopted. This Tyson is about forty-five or forty-eight years of age. When the ships first commenced to winter in the gulf, some twenty-five years ago, the captains who hired the Esquimaux—and they all did so—finding it difficult to recollect their native cognomens, would give them English names; as, Tom, Charley, Dick, or Harry, and others, again, which were not quite so euphonious to the ear. This youngster, whose real name was Nep-e-ken, was baptized Tyson; I know not for what reason, unless it was because he was so handsome! He is a great hunter,—the Nimrod of the gulf; and he is also considered a good whaleman, and American ships coming here for that purpose endeavor to secure his services. His wife, too, is good with the rifle and the spear. She will kill her deer, catch her seal, or face the polar bear. Nep-e-ken came on board, and

I soon made arrangements with him to stop with me through the winter. Of course his boat's-crew will do as he tells them. From these natives I got some more skins and made preparations to start for the head of the gulf. The natives are to go with me. We got under way on the morning of the 1st of October. It was calm in the harbor, but I expected to get a breeze outside. Putting the natives' boat ahead to tow while we were securing the anchors, we were soon outside the point of Niantilic Island, when we caught a nice breeze from the south-east which carried the schooner along six or seven knots an hour. It was my intention to cross the gulf to the Kickerton Islands, to deliver three boxes sent to Captain John Roach, of the schooner *Helen F.*, at Kickerton station, but the *Helen F.* was gone. The fall before, after getting snugly stored into winter quarters, as the captain thought, there came a gale of wind from the south-east, with snow, which lasted several days, and before it abated it carried the harbor ice out, and with it the schooner, but not the anchors or the chains, which were left behind on the bottom, the latter having parted. The vessel drifted up and down the gulf several days, and her captain was finally compelled to run her on the rocks to save life. He was very glad to have an opportunity to do that, as it was in November, and one strong northwester would have decided his fate and that of all hands.

Our fair wind from the south did not last long. We soon had snow, and then the wind hauled to the north, right ahead. This was not very pleasant, as I had hoped to reach Kickerton Islands and be sheltered by their friendly harbor by night. The schooner was very deep, her decks being scarcely above the water. We had an extra cargo on board, consisting of Esquimaux, men, women, and children, and all their household goods, including sleighs, dogs, and a whale-boat which had been given to Nep-e-ken for his services on board the American brig *Isabella*, Captain Keeny, the previous year.

As the wind increased the sea rose slightly, but it was not heavy. The schooner sat so deep, however, that considerable water washed across her decks. An Esquimaux has a horror of water. He thinks it should only be used for drinking purposes. So to escape from the water, which was by no means pleasant to feel on the legs or running down the back, as it was nearly as cold as ice, some went to the forecastle among the men, and others took possession of the cabin. In fact, upon going below I found one old woman—at least sixty, and cross-eyed—in my berth. I let her remain there and sought quarters elsewhere.

We did not get to the promised harbor that night, as I have before intimated, but kept beating to windward, in the hope of getting in the next morning. It was very dark, and we had a good strong breeze, which

brought us down to reefed sails. In the morning we were to windward of and close to the harbor, and shortly after came to an anchorage abreast of the houses that comprise the station—one Scotch and the other American, the latter belonging to Messrs. Williams & Haven, of New London, Conn. We had scarcely let go the anchor when Captain Roach and Captain Hall were on board. I delivered the three boxes to Captain Roach. They were sent out by Mr. Williams, and their contents proved to be ammunition, which was very much needed. I was now free to go north to the head of the gulf, which was my intention when leaving Niantilic Harbor. It would not do for me to winter among so many ships the masters of which knew the object I had in view, and as they wished to retain the Esquimaux in the gulf to assist them in their whaling expeditions, they would use all their influence to prevent them from joining me in the proposed migration to the East Land.

There was another reason for my proceeding north: I hoped to get more skins at the head of the gulf than could be obtained below.

It would debar me from spring whaling, but I was after something besides whales. I took the precaution to leave a large quantity of "trade" with Tes-e-wane at Niantilic, he promising to purchase all the skins he could. We remained at the Kickerton Islands awaiting an opportunity to run up to the head

of the gulf—or the “Annanatook Harbor,” as the Esquimaux call it—until the 7th of October.

Previous to this we had chiefly north and north-west winds, with snow. On the morning of the 7th the wind was south-east, and it was quite clear.

The south-east wind is almost sure to bring snow with it; but it is only sixty miles to Annanatook, and I hoped to get there before the storm. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over we got under way, leaving Kickerton at nine o'clock. On getting clear of the harbor, the breeze was found quite strong. We were making good headway, running off before the wind with all sails set. As we got further along the wind increased. There was a harbor under my lee, and at the rate we were going—ten or eleven knots—we must soon be there.

We had the same cargo on board, and had we been compelled to luff to I fear the Esquimaux would have lost most of their household goods; but fortunately this was not necessary. The little schooner bounded over the water with great rapidity, and soon the harbor was in sight. The shores at the head of the gulf are quite low, with many outlying reefs and islands, and over these the sea was breaking with fearful force, sending spray high into the air.

Such was the motion of the waters, that it was some time before I could make out the entrance to the harbor.

We took in all of our light sails as we drew close to the entrance, and, keeping the schooner off a little to clear a point of rocks which projected from the island under which I intended to anchor, luffed close around under the land, and was in smooth water. We let go the anchor in twelve fathoms, and were as comfortable as we could be. We made the distance from the Kickerton Islands to Annanatook in six hours.

## Part Second.

### WINTER IN CUMBERLAND GULF.

October 8.—We are now anchored in Annanatook Harbor, where I intend to winter if God spares my life. There we found three families of Esquimaux: O-cater and wife; Kuck-oo-jug and wife, and two children; Eg-e-low, single, (wife dead,) and one son; Inue-market, married to Nep-e-ken's sister, and the venerable Metek, whom I had nearly forgotten. Metek is Esquimaux for "egg." The old man must be well along in years. Twenty-six years ago he was an old man, and yet I can see but little change in him.

We soon cleared the decks of all the rubbish, Esquimaux and all. This place has been, and is yet supposed to be, an excellent one for whaling in the fall season; but few ships stay here late in the year for fear of being frozen in and thus losing their spring whaling, as the water would then probably be sixty or eighty miles below them.

A lookout has been placed on the island. The men performing this service are furnished a spy-glass, and are relieved every two hours. We have also located Mr. Sherman on shore again, and now I hope he will be able to continue his meteorological observations without further interruption.

On Friday, October 12, the Scotch bark *Perseverance* came in and anchored, having seen no whales at Niantilic. The other two vessels are still at Niantilic. The *Perseverance* reports that a large steamer, that had been north whaling in Davis's Straits, came into the harbor a few days ago, but did not intend to stay long, and was bound home to Scotland. Captain Birnie, of the *Polar Star*, will send my letters by her.

We have had some snow, but none of any consequence; some good strong wind, but no heavy gales. They are having different weather below—more gales and more snow.

On the 15th of October Captain Roach arrived with two boats'-crews, looking for whale. His other crews were left encamped near American Harbor, about thirty miles from here in an easterly direction. He staid with me two days and then left to join his other boats.

On the 18th, Captain Brown, of the *Perseverance*, got his vessel under way and left us for Niantilic, so we are now alone in our winter quarters. The Esquimaux report having seen smoke in the direction of American Harbor. I suppose it to be Murray, with the *Windward*.

On the 22d we were visited by three of Murray's boats from American Harbor. They were all looking

eagerly for whale, but had seen none. They reported that Captain Roach's boats, in his absence, got a large whale; also that Captain Watson, of the brig *Alert*, lying at Niantilic, had captured one. Captain Hall, from the Kickerton Islands, has also been here with three boats.

The lookout on the island signalled a whale on the 24th. The boats were instantly out, but it was not seen again. Every day when the weather would permit the natives were off sealing, and at the same time looking for whale, but up to this date in vain. I should not care so much about not seeing or not getting whales,—although I should like to get enough to pay expenses,—if we could do anything else at this season of the year. This is the dry season. The natives have given up hunting deer and are returning to the sea-side preparatory to entering upon their winter campaign against the seals. The women are idle. They will not work on deer-skins until the ice makes; but they will work on seal-skins. Like all uncivilized people, they are very superstitious, and they fear if they work on deer-skins (took-too) out of the proper season they or their friends will be unfortunate, perhaps die; so one must wait until the ice makes solid before they will consent to make a suit of clothes, though one be suffering for them.

Nep-e-ken and Kuck-oo-jug are off every day with

the boats. Nep-e-ken's boat is prepared for whaling. Kuck-oo-jug, whom I have not employed, goes in his own boat. It is rather an old one, to be sure, but it will do for sealing. They generally keep within sight of one another, so that if Nep-e-ken should see whales and strike them Kuck-oo-jug could render him assistance. They carry their rifles with them, so that if they see no whales they can amuse themselves shooting seals, and they generally bring in two or three of the latter to the schooner in the evening. My own men I seldom send off. Indeed, I will not unless they signal from the shore that a whale is in sight. My men are as yet too poorly clad to remain a long time in the boats in such cold weather as now prevails. The Esquimaux tell me that last fall there were plenty of whales within rifle-shot of where the schooner now lies. In fact, I know that nearly every fall the whales have been here in abundance.

It may be that they have met feed lower down the gulf and have stopped there.

On the 29th of October Nep-e-ken came to me and requested me to get the Esquimaux to "ankoot" for whale, saying if I would do so, and pay the ankoot, they would ascertain whether we were to get a whale or not. Of course I knew that the Esquimaux believed in their ankoot as implicitly as we believe in our doctors, or those who expound the Bible to us; and

I humored them accordingly. Nep-e-ken delicately hinted to me that as a preliminary to this grand calling up of spirits from the vasty deep it would be necessary for me to furnish them with some spirits to pour down their own capacious and well-lined throats. At this I did not demur, but gave them the "needful," and all was made ready to summon the supernatural that evening. I did not go on shore to witness the summoning, as the spirits become offended if an unbeliever be present, but of course was anxious as to the results. Kuck-oo-jug was to be the ankoot. They kept it up till early morning, and at breakfast I learned the result. We were to get a whale, but the spirits would not inform Kuck-oo-jug whether it would be this fall or next spring. I made him a present of a large knife. He smiled, and, examining the knife, turned to Nep-e-ken and said to him, in Esquimaux: "Now we will have a whale."

On the last day of October, although it was late in the season and dangerous to be out at that time in the year, we weighed anchor early in the morning, with the native boats' -crews aboard, some of them with ankoot charms hanging about their persons, and stood out in the gulf looking for whale; but we looked in vain. In the afternoon, the wind blowing strong in the north-east, we reached the harbor just at dark. The days are very short now.

The natives still prosecute sealing every favorable day. They shot one oog-jook, good for boots.

On the 7th of November Nep-e-ken and Kuck-oo-jug were off, as usual. Kuck-oo-jug soon returned and informed me that he had seen a whale; that it was close to his boat, but he had no line, nor was he prepared in any way for whaling. I had not hired him, as I was afraid the stores would not permit me to feed so many Esquimaux through the winter. I asked where Nep-e-ken was, and learned that he could see his boat when he started for the schooner, but did not know whether he saw the whale or not. The lookout had seen nothing from the hill.

The whales are here, but it is very late. The ice will soon form, as it seldom remains open as late as the 7th of November. It is now forming near the shores, and it will take but one night of calm weather to cover the whole gulf with it. The lookout signalled that a boat was coming. It proved to be Nep-e-ken, and he was soon alongside. The first words he uttered were, "Ogbig! ogbig! Asseawouk! asseawouk!" Which means, "Whale! whale! Lost! lost!" He had seen a whale and struck it. It was a large one. The whale took some twenty-five fathoms of line, and then the line parted. This was bad news, yet it might have been worse.

It was a daring act to strike a whale all alone and

at this time of the year. The days are short, and it was then growing dark, so I made preparations to send two boats off in the morning. For this purpose all the skin-clothing was collected and given to three men of the forecastle, who were to make up the complement of two boats' crews with the Esquimaux, who were not numerous enough to man two boats. They were provisioned for two or three days, although I scarcely thought they would be gone over night. Kuck-oo-jug was to take the natives' boat, while Nep-e-ken was to use his own.

They were off at daybreak. The weather was fine, but cold, with a good breeze from the north. When some six miles off they were seen to take in their sails. They had either seen or struck a whale. Shortly afterwards they disappeared from sight.

The day passed away and night came on. It was cold, and the wind blew from the north. They did not come.

On the morning of the 9th the horizon was eagerly scanned for the boats. "No boats in sight!" All that day a sharp lookout was kept, but no boats appeared. Night came. The thermometer registered minus 16°. The wind blew heavily from the north-west.

The morning of the 10th was very cold, but there was not so much wind. The harbor was frozen over

and some of the Esquimaux children came to the schooner upon the ice.

The squaws and children were very anxious about their husbands and relatives. We could see but little to-day. Although the water is frozen in the harbor, it is open outside. As fast as the ice forms it is carried away by the wind and currents. The steam or frost arising from the water forms a dense fog. No boats. Night came, cold and cheerless for those adrift in the boats, who must, by this time, be out of provisions. It seems certain that they have struck a whale, and the wind being strong from the north-west, they have had to go before it, and will bring up some thirty or forty miles down the gulf,—probably at American Harbor.

November 11.—No boats. It is very cold. The wind is from the north. The gulf is still open outside of the harbor, but that frost-smoke which shuts out all view beyond a few yards prevails. The schooner is in some danger, the wind being strong. I fear the ice in the harbor will move and carry her outside with it.

November 12.—No boats. The weather continues about the same,—cold, and a breeze not very strong, and plenty of frost-smoke. The women and children are getting almost inconsolable over the loss of their

husbands, fathers, and relatives. God grant them a safe return, is my earnest prayer. About 3.30 p. m., as I was sitting in the cabin, smoking a pipe and wishing the lost or absent ones back safe and sound, we were all startled by a hail alongside. Springing on deck, I discovered the boats. They were some distance astern, to be sure, but they were safe. They could not get nearer on account of the ice. A line was soon conveyed to them, and by hauling on it from the schooner, the natives lifting the heads of the boats at times when they broke through the young ice, we soon had them alongside and hoisted them aboard. They were sorry-looking boats, almost entirely covered with ice, and considerably battered; and the same can be said of their crews. The oars were three times their ordinary thickness, though the ice was frequently beaten from them. It was no time to ask questions. I wanted to see how my three men were. They could scarcely stand, and all staggered as they gained the deck, on being helped out of the boat. Several of the Esquimaux were but little better off, and reeled like drunken men around the deck.

William Albion and Richard York had but little feeling in their fingers. A hole was soon cut through the ice, and some cold sea-water drawn in a deck bucket. In this their hands were immersed, and there kept till feeling was restored.

But not so with Lee. He had unfortunately got

one of his legs, and consequently his foot, wet, even through his skin moccasin. This had occurred three days before. He could not get his foot warm afterwards, he said, and finally ceased to have feeling in it. I concluded that his case was a serious one, and would not let him go near the fire. Drawing a bucket of cold water, his foot was plunged in it, after cutting off his moccasin, which could not be pulled off. Leg, stocking, and moecasin were apparently frozen together. On immersing his foot in the water it became incrusted with ice, which was the result of the frost coming out of the flesh. After awhile the ice was gently removed from the foot, but the frozen member was still kept in the water and rubbed until circulation was restored. It took all of an hour to soften the flesh. This being accomplished, the foot was wrapped up to protect it from the cold. The man was then given a glass of spirits and sent below.

It was now the turn of the Esquimaux to be looked after. They needed little care, however. They were very tired, very hungry, and very thirsty. They drank water by the quart, and then they wanted something stronger, which was given them. Then they had something to eat, and while they were eating I gathered from them information concerning their cruise. On leaving the schooner they steered in the direction of American Harbor. When about six miles from the vessel they saw several whales. They then took in

their sails, as it was blowing a strong breeze, so that they could manœuvre for the whale with a better chance of success. The whales had two risings, but were struck neither time. On the third rising Kuck-oo-jug got fast. The whale sounded, and on coming to the surface, it being very rough, Nep-e-ken failed to kill him. The whale now started to run south and carried them a long distance before Nep-e-ken was enabled to kill him. It was then almost dark, and some of the Esquimaux were desirous of letting the whale go and of returning to the schooner; but Nep-e-ken would not consent to this. He said, "The whale must and shall be saved, if we have to tow him to Kickerton Island," a distance of some sixty miles from the schooner and about forty from where they then were.

By the time it was dark they had the whale's flukes cut off and were ready to tow. The whale died on its side, which made it very hard towing. It would have been much better to have towed him by the head, could they have got hold of it; but the head was deep in the water, and the sea was very rough and the wind blowing strong. They towed all night. Once they parted from the whale. It was very dark, and they had considerable difficulty in finding him again.

The morning of the 9th of November found them about ten miles below American Harbor and about

forty from the schooner. They were not far from the land, and the wind and the sea were driving them directly towards it.

They soon reached land, and were fortunate in finding a little bay, sheltered from the sea, into which they towed the whale. Nep-e-ken was determined to secure the whale; so, instead of starting for the schooner, he waited until the tide rose so that he could haul the prize high upon the beach. The tides on the full and change of the moon were about twenty-two feet at this time, and about eighteen feet at high water. They hauled the whale as far upon the beach as they could, and in assisting at this young Lee slipped overboard from a rock, fortunately, however, getting only one leg wet.

It was now quite dark, and, as there was considerable young ice drifting in the gulf, they dared not start for the schooner until daylight. They had no water. Their provisions were consumed, and their condition was anything but enviable. They appeased their hunger by eating black-skin cut from the whale, but it was some time before the white men could be prevailed upon to submit to this diet. Some blubber was also cut from the whale and beaten into a jelly-like mass, and, having a small piece of cotton canvas, they picked it to pieces for wicking and then saturated it with oil from the blubber. Setting fire to this mass on the snow, they soon had the water running. Each

man in turn knelt down on the snow and drank the greasy fluid; and thus was the thirst of the party, which had begun to be almost intolerable, quenched for a time. The natives laid down for a sleep, but the white men could not sleep on the snow at first. When they did get drowsy Nep-e-ken permitted them to rest only a short time, and then started them up; nor would he allow them to lie down again, during the night, more than ten minutes at a time.

On the morning of the 10th of November the wind was blowing heavily from the north-west. The boats would, therefore, have head-winds to contend with had they started. They did not make the attempt. More black-skin was cut and eaten, and water was prepared for drinking purposes as on the night previous.

The weather was more favorable on the 11th, and the party started for the schooner, but experienced great difficulty in keeping clear of the young and drifting ice. Night overtook them before they reached their destination, and they landed on a small island, where they suffered much from hunger, thirst, and cold. At daybreak they started again. They could not see for the frost fog, but managed to reach the schooner just before dark.

Through the month of November, or what remained

of the month, there was but little change in the weather. The ice made slowly and we had considerable snow, which covered and protected the ice in the harbor. The sea was still open outside.

The Esquimaux, having recruited strength and overcome the fatigues of their expedition, went out sealing among the islands, where the ice had formed, but with indifferent success. Mr. Kumlein ventured out on the ice once with a boat-hook, and fell or broke through, but he escaped with a good wetting.

Some few ducks lingered still, loath to leave. Some of them were shot, and a few gulls were also captured. Mr. Sherman was zealously employed in his scientific observations on shore.

He has a good-sized canvas tent, with a stove in it. As soon as the snow is in a condition to cut into blocks the tent will be covered with a snow iglau, which will make it quite comfortable.

December 1.—Ice formed out in the gulf, as far as the eye can reach, in a single night! Some of the natives ventured out on the newly-formed ice looking for seal.

Upon examining Nep-e-ken's boat I found that it was almost ruined. The copper sheathing was entirely torn off, her planking nearly cut through, and her two after-thwarts split and splintered badly.

On the 6th of December, the ice being in a good condition, I was determined to get the bone from the head of the whale captured by the natives, and consulted Nep-e-ken. He was ready in a moment. The natives were called and the dogs harnessed; tackle, provisions, spades and axes to cut with, and finally rum, were made ready for the expedition,—and they were off with a hurrah! It will be no easy task, I know. Ice has covered the whale by this time, and, as it lies in the shore ice, they will have to expend much labor in getting to it. The upper surface of the whale will be frozen very hard. But it is worth the trial. It is a large cow-whale, and there are, probably, two thousand pounds of bone in its head. If it could have been brought alongside of the schooner, about one hundred and forty barrels of oil could have been extracted from the blubber.

Everything went along as usual until the 9th, when a sleigh was reported coming from the south. I concluded it was some of our natives returning from the expedition to the whale. Mr. Burrows, the second officer, who is of a very inquisitive turn of mind, started off to meet the sled, which was not very far away. He had gone about two hundred yards when he came to a crack running from the small island astern of the schooner to an island lying some six hundred yards to the north. Not being troubled with an overplus of caution, he did not notice that the tides

had opened the crack and that young ice had formed in it. He stepped upon it, and down he went up to his armpits. His situation was both dangerous and comical. His lugubrious looks, as though he was desirous of assistance, yet ashamed to ask for it, I never shall forget. He finally got out without help. He came on board all in a lump, with his arms akinbo, changed his clothes, and concluded he was the hero of the season.

The sleigh contained Inue-mar-ket and Shu-mar-ker. The latter had cut his head very badly with a spade—a blubber spade. These spades are as sharp as a razor. Mr. Sisson washed and dressed the wound and put a few stitches in it.

The Esquimaux report Nep-e-ken and his men at work on the whale. They have one side of the head out, and will get the other out to-day. They want a little more bread and considerably more rum, as their supplies are running short. Those articles were got ready, and Inue-mar-ket (whom we called Jonah) will start early in the morning for the whale, leaving Shu-mar-ker behind. I should not be surprised to hear that the latter had been playing loose with Nep-e-ken's rum. He is excessively fond of spirits.

On the 11th the Esquimaux all returned, bringing with them a considerable quantity of the bone. They had got it all out of the whale's head and stored it on

the rocks. I want to secure the rest as soon as possible. I have arranged with Nep-e-ken about going to Molly Kater-nuna to trade for skins, and also to bring two teams of dogs to assist in getting the bone to the schooner. We have but few dogs. Many have died this fall from a disease resembling hydrophobia. He will start in the morning. Just before dark two sleighs were seen coming from the eastward. The weather is quite thick, with occasional snow-falls.

The sleighs arrived and were soon alongside the schooner, and proved to be in charge of Roach and Hall, from Kickerton Island. They had started two days previous, and slept one night on the ice. They were going to Niantilic to spend the holidays with the Scotchmen. Not being able to cross the gulf direct, which would have been much the shorter route, on account of water, they are taking the circuit around its head.

We soon gave them a substantial supper, and they were made as comfortable as possible. They are very desirous that I shall accompany them. I do not feel like going. It is a poor time of the year to travel, the days being short and the ice, in many places between the island and the shore, where the current runs strong, being scarcely safe.

December 13.—Nep-e-ken started early this morning for Molly Kater-nuna. Captain Hall and Mr. Kumlein

are off sealing, and Captain Roach and myself amuse ourselves as best we can. He related a little adventure he had at Kickerton. Just as the ice made this fall a large she-bear, with two cubs, made her appearance on the island. Roach's natives got sight of her, and were on the alert to shoot her. So was Roach, who, in his eagerness to get a good shot, got too near. Both the cubs were wounded and could not keep up with the mother. She stood at bay and received several bullets, but none brought her down. She finally sighted Roach, and, rushing toward him, she reared on her hind legs and placed her fore paws on his shoulders and bore him down. Then the dogs were at her hind parts, and she released Roach from her grasp to attack them. Roach, thus relieved, regained his feet; but she was loath to leave him, and turned on him with more fierceness than before. He was again borne down, but the infuriated beast was so harassed by the men and dogs that she turned and beat a precipitate retreat, receiving several shots as she ran. The cubs were captured, and the mother was next day found dead on a distant part of the island.

I have concluded to accompany Roach and Hall on their trip to Niantilic. We start to-morrow. Captain Hall and Mr. Kumlein returned to-day from sealing. They had no luck.

On the morning of the 14th we were off at daybreak,

It was blowing quite heavily, and the snow was drifting very badly. I started on foot, as the sleigh was not quite ready; but I had not gone very far before Captain Hall overtook me, and I got on his sleigh. It appears that Roach had some difficulty in finding his dogs, which delayed him. We had gone ten miles, perhaps, when we found it necessary to clean the dogs' harness. There was yet no sign of Roach. I was not very well clad, having on only a single suit of deer-skin, while the others had double suits. The wind was now blowing very strong, and snow, to a height of eight or ten feet above the ice, was flying so thick and with so much violence that we could scarcely see the dogs twenty feet ahead of us.

While the Esquimaux were cleaning the harness—they both had Esquimaux drivers—I concluded to walk ahead, expecting, of course, that the sleigh would follow me in a few minutes. I kept on for some time, when suddenly it occurred to me that the sleigh ought to be up with me. I looked back, but could see nothing; the snow was drifting too thick for that. I walked on again, thinking the sleigh must be near, and I continued walking slowly about an hour longer, and then began to get alarmed. I knew I had kept in the right direction, having the wind and the heavens to guide me.

Certainly the sleigh could not have passed me!

I started back on my track to see what occasioned

the delay, but went with very little hope of finding it. I kept the trail for twenty or more minutes, and then lost it.

The drifting snow had covered it completely. I was in a rather awkward dilemma, but there was no alternative but to wait till the snow ceased to drift, so that I could see land, which could be reached by going in the direction from which the wind came. I continued walking about half an hour, when suddenly I discovered a dark object through the drifting snow. It disappeared almost immediately from sight. Soon after I saw it again, and it again vanished; again it appeared and vanished; but I was walking toward it. A moment more and I saw two dark spots on the ice. I was soon up with the objects of my curiosity, which proved to be Roach and Hall.

They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them.

Hall, on cleaning his harness, did not start, but waited for Roach to come up.

Roach had been delayed by his dogs, and it was some time before he came. He had great difficulty in seeing and keeping Hall's sled tracks, as they were almost obliterated by the drifting snow when he passed over them. He had at one time almost resolved to turn back, but he kept on. Upon his arrival he was astonished and alarmed to learn that I had gone on ahead. He instantly looked for my tracks near the sleighs, but could not find them.

Roach was an old, experienced traveller, and he knew my peril. Both men immediately set about finding my trail. Their sleighs were driven north and then south, making an angle at every turn. They hoped by that means to cross my track, and by following it overtake me. That was what they were doing when I discovered them.

We stopped to refresh ourselves with a piece of frozen pork and biscuit, washed down with a little diluted rum, and then continued on our way toward Molly Kater-nuna. We could not see to guide the dogs, but went by the wind, which was to the northward, and kept it on our backs.

The sun went down about 2 o'clock P.M., and shortly after the wind died away. We found ourselves too far off shore, and had to haul up some four or five points for our place of destination. Night came on, and we were still far from Molly Kater-nuna; but the atmosphere was clear, and we had the moon to guide us with her friendly light.

We had not proceeded far, after this, before we met with a disagreeable mishap. We were going between some islands, about seven miles from a settlement of Esquimaux, when suddenly down went the sleigh that I was on. I was half asleep, and was naturally somewhat startled. I came near jumping in the water, but saw the situation in time to save myself from a cold bath.

The after-part of the sleigh was partly submerged,

and Roach's driver, a young Esquimaux, went in the water up to his armpits.

I threw myself forward as the sleigh went down, and lay for a moment with my feet dangling in the water. The sled was heavily laden with a trunk containing provisions, sleeping bags, deer-skins, and many articles useful in this kind of travel.

The load was filled up to a height of three feet, and on the top of this we sat, when we rode.

Roach, who was driving, was sitting on the forward end of the sled, which was still resting on the ice as its rear went down. The dogs stopped short upon the breaking of the ice, but it was only for a moment. Roach uttered a terrific yell, and, with a flourish of the whip, made them bound forward and draw the sled—with Roach, myself, and the young Esquimaux clinging to it—on safer ice, and there we halted. Hall, who was in the rear, profited by our experience, and avoided the weak spot in the ice.

As soon as we stopped the boy lay down in the snow and began to roll. This was to dry his clothes; probably upon the same principle as that on which a dog dries himself by shaking when he comes out of the water. He would roll awhile, then pound his clothes with the butt of his whip, and repeat this manœuvre until he was satisfied.

We now refreshed ourselves again with a little frozen pork and biscuit and some rum.

Again we moved on. We had gone about four miles, and were about three from the settlements just mentioned, when the ice broke under us a second time. The accident was not so serious this time, however, and I escaped with one wet moccasin and the boy with two.

We resumed our journey after a brief stoppage, and reached the Esquimaux huts at 7.30 p. m. The natives mustered in force to see who the new-comers were. Among them I found Nep-e-ken. We had not seen his back-track, and I concluded that he was still at Katernuna. He arrived here on the evening of the same day on which he left the *Florence*. He traded for quite a number of skins, and hired two sleighs, with drivers, to accompany him back and assist in getting the bone to the schooner.

All three sleighs started on the morning of the 14th for the schooner. They had just got clear of the shore ice, when down went Nep-e-ken's sleigh, and he and Eg-e-low, who was with him, went with it. The two natives on the other sleighs assisted them to get out, and they all returned to the huts, two of them wetter if not wiser men. They were drying their clothes when we arrived, and they intend to start again in the morning.

On the morning of the 15th the weather proved clear, but very cold, with a light breeze from the

north-west. I concluded to return with Nep-e-ken. The men must be provided with provisions for their journey, and they must also be paid when through. Then, too, we had a number of skins, and the squaws must be put at work cleaning them and making them into clothing; and it is just about as difficult to get some of these squaws to work as it is to get some of their more favored sisters, in more civilized countries, to do the same thing.

The sleighs were made ready for our journey, and, wishing my companions a pleasant trip, we started for the schooner.

Nep-e-ken's sleigh was heavily laden. It carried, besides himself, Eg-e-low and a load of skins. An-markshuk, one of the hired natives, also had a load of skins; but he had good dogs and a fast sleigh. So on his sleigh I seated myself as soon as we got clear of the shore ice. I suppose it was at least 10 o'clock in the morning, (it is not daybreak until noon,) and it was now near sunrise.

Avoiding the dangerous places of yesterday's journey, we went rapidly. The dogs seemed to be in their best humor. Upon getting clear of the islands, we found the ice clear and firm.

The gale of yesterday and the cold snap had done much to improve it. We took a shorter route than we traversed on the way up, as the weather was clear and we could see where we were going.

Coming to some holes, kept open by the strong currents, the natives stopped to get a seal, if possible; but they did not succeed, and we started on.

Our dogs kept going at a rapid rate until we reached the schooner, which we did at 2.45 P. M., having travelled some forty-five miles in less than six hours!

Nep-e-ken and the other sleigh arrived before we got through dinner.

On the morning of the 16th the natives were up and doing bright and early. Three sleighs and three drivers were started for the whale. The other natives were away sealing.

On the 18th the sleighs returned with three light loads of bone.

On the 19th they returned for the remainder, and got back the same night, when the hired natives were paid and started for their homes.

We were now settled down to the dull and monotonous life of winter in the Arctic regions.

One at home cannot imagine how dull this life is. Isolated from all the world, we must make a world of our own; we must build one in our imaginations, and picture it with smiling faces; picture to ourselves the grassy lawn of the new-born spring, the budding of the trees,—their blossoming and leaving, their maturity and decay.

The old year is dying, "hoary and frosty with age."  
How many hopes die with it!

The new year is coming. It is here even at this moment. It is born!—the year of our Lord 1878! It comes to us with a smiling face, as if happy at being ushered into Time!

We spent our New-Year as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances, forgetting for a time at least that we were in the icy solitudes of the Arctic, far isolated from our homes and friends.

The Esquimaux are sealing every favorable day, but they are having poor success.

There is a scarcity of seals this winter. I am told that last winter they were plenty.

Lee's foot is in a bad condition. The flesh is gone entirely from the heel, leaving the bone bare. The flesh is also gone from the side of the foot and the toes, from one of which latter the bone is protruding. We keep a poultice on the foot continually, and I hope to save the frozen member from amputation. The other two men are all right.

Upon opening some boxes the other day I found one sent by Colonel Lupton, an intimate friend of the late Captain Hall. It contained a small flag, which, as Colonel Lupton writes, (for a letter was also found in the box,) accompanied Doctors Kane and Hayes, and also Captain Hall, in their perilous expeditions in the Arctic seas. There was also a large-

sized photographic portrait (framed) of Captain Hall. In this letter the Colonel requests that the flag, which is now historical, be planted at the northernmost point of the earth that we are able to reach.

The snow lies heavily upon the ice and presses it down. The water comes up through the pores of the ice, and between water and snow the travelling could not be worse. The slush is nearly knee-deep. The natives are getting no seals, or, at least, but very few; and men, women, and children flock to the schooner for something to eat, which cannot be refused them.

We get all the seal-meat we can for Lee, to prevent the scurvy from getting in his foot. He is doing very well, and the foot will be saved.

I have had several conversations with the Esquimaux in regard to their going with us to the East Land, as they always call the coast of Greenland. Some say they will go; others fear to go. The latter are afraid of the "mulling" (sea) in such a little vessel as the *Florence*. Others, again, have mothers who do not want them to go; then, again, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins, and I do not know what else.

Nep-e-ken has promised to go; also Obe-tun, Thu-nu-ping-nar, Inue-mar-ket, and Al-o-kee, making five in all. I have also the promise of several at Niantilic; but heaven only knows what the spring will bring forth. If so many vessels were not there, I could

handle the natives better. Now I pretend indifference whether they go or not.

On the 1st of December we commenced on two meals a day,—breakfast at 9 a. m.; dinner at 3.30 p. m. We thus save some provision and fuel, the latter of which is getting low.

January passed as all the winter months generally do in the Arctic. The weather was variable. On some days the wind blew strong and snow fell or drifted, and on others it was clear, but upon all cold. The time was occupied principally in keeping the snowbank around the ship in good order; cutting a supply of ice from the fresh water or ice ponds for cooking and drinking purposes; keeping the squaws at work when we could get them skins to work on; and trying to keep the devil as far from us as possible. The natives have occupied their time, as usual, sealing.

The mates and myself occasionally have to clean our berths. They are directly under the companion-way, and every time the doors are opened there is a rush of cold air from above into the cabin, and our state-rooms being directly under, it centers there and turns into ice.

The lockers and the drawers are in the same condition. Often, when about to retire, I find the blankets

frozen to the side of the berth, and the books, papers, and clothing in a like condition from freezing. Our kerosene oil is also frozen, and is consequently much injured.

On the 24th of January the mate of the *Helen F.* arrived from Kickerton Island, bringing Chummy, (Shu-mar-ping-uter,) who went over to American Harbor in one of Murray's boats last fall, on a visit, and was carried to Nantilic.

The mate informed me that Roach and Hall reached Nantilic on the fourth day after I left them. He also informed me that the only whale that had been captured by any of the four ships wintering at Nantilic was that taken by Captain Watson, as already mentioned. The three other ships are clear. He told me that the ships broke out from their winter quarters in the fierce November gales and had a narrow escape, but finally regained their quarters, Murray, with his steamer, assisting them.

The number of whales taken during the fall in the gulf now amounts to five,—Roach two, Hall one, Watson one, and our crew one; but all the others have a chance for spring whaling, and I have none.

I concluded to go back with the mate, as it would be a break in the monotonous life we were leading, and prevailed on Fred, the mate, to stop till the following day and give his dogs a good rest and feed, so

that they would be in good condition to continue their journey.

Fred had been two days coming from Kickerton to Annanatook Harbor. He described the travelling as very bad.

The morning of the 26th we had an early start. We were accompanied by Eg-e-low, who, with five dogs and a sleigh, was going to the Kickertons for a wife (nuleanger). Oc-a-took, also with a like number of dogs and a sleigh, was going to the whale for dog-meat, and would spend a few days sealing at one of the many holes kept open by the currents even in the coldest winters. We had scarcely cleared the harbor when we fell in with the snow. It was about three feet deep, with water underneath.

The early snow was still there. A thin crust had formed on the surface, protecting the light snow beneath from wind and frost. The surface crust was not strong enough to bear the weight of the dogs when they straightened in their harness to pull.

Fred, who had fifteen dogs but a very heavy sleigh, had the lead, but he soon became exhausted driving and urging the dogs along; so he gave three dogs to Oc-a-took, and asked him to take the lead with his eight and small sleigh. This he did, and we went along somewhat faster; but we did not arrive at the whale, which was on our line of journey, until even-

ing. Here we slept. The dogs were exhausted. Their feet and legs were cut by the snow crust and were bleeding at every step. After eating a piece of biscuit and frozen pork, we lay down on the ice to sleep.

In the morning we were up by daybreak. The dogs were soon harnessed, and we were off. We hoped to reach Kickerton that day, have a good warm supper, and something besides ice to sleep on. Eg-e-low, who was still with us, had a light sled; so Fred gave him three dogs and he took the lead. Eg-e-low had now eight dogs, and with his easy-running sleigh he went along very well, but not fast. Our dogs were, of course, anxious to keep up with him, and did keep close to the stern of his sled. At sundown we were abreast of Hay-stack Island, twelve miles from Kickerton.

This small island resembles a hay-stack in form; hence its name.

It was getting dark, and though clear over head the atmosphere was thick below. We kept on, hoping to reach the station by 8 or 9 o'clock that evening. About 5 o'clock in the evening we sighted an island which is called Calle Corotes Island. It is a small one, about three miles from the station. We continued to drive toward the island, but apparently got no nearer. We kept on in this way until about 8 o'clock, when I told Fred that if it was not for the north star, which we could see, I should think Eg-e-low

was driving around and around the island, for we were certainly getting no nearer to it, but were apparently about the same distance from it that we were three hours before.

Fred finally called to Eg-e-low to stop, and they both endeavored to ascertain where we were, which was a difficult thing to do, owing to the mist. Presently the native ejaculated, with a grunt, "Kickertojuck! Kickertojuck!" "The big island! The big island!" And he was right; we were in the entrance to Kingnito Fiord, and the big island Kickertojuck stood before us, with its bold shores reaching an elevation of some three thousand feet above our heads. There was nothing to do but to make the best of it. We had come from Hay-stack Island to Kickertojuck, a distance of twelve miles. The same amount of travel in the right direction would have carried us to the station. We were now about ten miles north-east of the station. The poor dogs were moaning piteously with pain and fatigue.

The weather, though clear in the zenith, was heavy and thick below.

It was necessary to pass another night on the ice; so, eating a piece of bread and pork, we drew our deer-skin jackets (couletangs) about us and composed ourselves for sleep; at least I did. I was awakened several times during the night by the moaning of the dogs, and by Fred in the morning, when he was stamping

his feet to get them warm and passing some cursory remarks upon the dogs for eating their harness.

After making necessary repairs to the harness, we started for the station, and arrived there about 2 o'clock p. m. We were met by the four captains, who extended a warm greeting to us. Soon we were regaled with something to eat, to which we did ample justice.

I staid at the Kickertons until the 14th of February. Nothing unusual occurred during my stay, except one very heavy gale, which began on the 11th and abated on the morning of the 13th.

On the morning of the 13th, everything being ready and the gale having died out, Roach and Fred decided to go up with me. The dogs were harnessed, the sled was loaded, and Fred got on the sleigh to drive the dogs down over the rough shore ice, which here extended some four or five hundred yards, the shore being flat.

There was a track leading through this rough ice, made by the Esquimaux going to and fro from Kicker-ton Island, some twelve miles to the north. The dogs, being fresh, started off with a bound. On entering the rough ice Fred was thrown some ten feet from the sleigh. The dogs were now their own masters. They did not stop, but continued on until they brought up at Hay-stack Island, where they were stopped by the natives. I walked back to the house with Roach. We were

scarcely one hundred yards from it when the mishap occurred. The dogs and sleigh were brought back that night, and we concluded to make another start in the morning.

The weather on the morning of the 14th was fine, and we got away early. Roach had all hands out, and lashing a long oog-jook line to the rear-part of the sleigh, the men held on to the line while the sleigh was going through the rough ice.

Once getting through the shore ice, the dogs were stopped and the harness was cleaned. Then we seated ourselves on the sleigh, the dogs were let go, and away we went over the rough but hard ice; now on top of some rough piece of ice, and then down with the speed of lightning on the other side.

Twice the sleigh brought up with such force as to send us all headlong among the dogs. We continued through this rough ice ten or twelve miles, and were congratulating ourselves on having good though rough travelling, when suddenly we struck the deep snow. The dogs no longer went on a clean run. They were breast-deep in the soft snow, and even without a heavy sleigh and load it would have been severe pulling for them.

The poor animals had at least one thousand or twelve hundred pounds behind them. There were three good-sized men, weighing in the aggregate at least five hundred pounds; two large bags of dog-meat, weighing

about three hundred ; one chest of provisions, a saw, knife, two guns; a spear, and two or three pieces of bear and dog skin, which latter we intended using for bedding should we be caught over night ; and then there was the sleigh, weighing about one hundred pounds. We had seventeen dogs, and good ones, too, they were. With good sledding we would have gone over the ice at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. As it was, we were not making more than two. We went on wading through the snow, now jumping off the sled to help the dogs, and, getting out of breath, taking our places again on the sleigh, each taking his turn at helping the dogs along, until late in the evening, when, both men and animals being thoroughly tired, we stopped and unharnessed the dogs, to prevent them from eating their harness during the night. We took a few mouthfuls to eat, and, spreading our bear and dog skins, we lay down to sleep. Twice I was awakened in the night by Fred getting up and stamping to get his feet warm, and once by one of the dogs trying to make a bed of my head. I objected to the latter proceeding, and the animal was content to lie alongside of me.

The morning of the 18th was fine, and we were under way by daybreak. The travel was nothing more nor less than a repetition of the day before. It was evident that the heavy gale we had at Kickerton three days

before did not reach here. The snow was, if anything, deeper than when I came down. Just before dark we struck an old track, and the dogs pricked up their ears, threw up their tails, and went along much faster than before. The snow, too, in this track was not so deep as elsewhere, which made the travelling still better. The wind breezed up from the west, bringing snow with it; but the dogs had the trail, and it must, indeed, be a bad condition of weather that could make them lose it.

The snow became less and less deep as we went toward the north-west. We were thus enabled to make good headway, and at 6.30 o'clock we were alongside the *Florence*.

The dogs were delighted to get to the vessel, and did not stop until they had ascended the ice steps which we have alongside.

I now learned that Nep-e-ken had been very sick, but was convalescent; also that the gale which we had at Kickerton did not extend this far. The natives had taken a few seals. Jonah and Chummy had gone to Niantilic,—the first for a wife for himself, and the second for a wife for Eg-e-low, who had failed to get one at Kickerton.

Everything now goes along as usual. We eat, drink, sleep, read, write, and play cards.

Roach and his mate started for home on the 18th. Several dog-teams have arrived from Kater-nuna.

One of the Esquimaux women from Molly Kater-nuna gave birth to a child the morning of the 15th. She is a young squaw, but is more prolific than the aborigines of the Arctic regions usually are, as this makes her third child now living. I was on shore the day before her confinement, and noticed her husband Winga was busy in building a small iglau or snow-house, about the size of a dog kennel. I asked Roach what in the world he was building such a small house for. He answered that the man's wife was about to be confined. Of course I then understood the situation. I have often seen these little snow huts put up in the coldest weather, and the poor wife, no matter how cold it is, is compelled to take shelter therein, and, without attendance, is there delivered. She is her own doctress and nurse, and washes and dresses the little stranger. She remains in the hut a few days, and then returns to her people.

On the 19th Jonah and Chummy returned from Niantilic, bringing two squaws: one, Chummy's wife; the other, Tow-poung, the affiance of Eg-e-low. All this means hard bread and pork from the *Florence*,—a fact of which I am duly made aware. It will be an addition of two to our already large family.

Chummy reports that scurvy is raging among the men at Niantilic. So far there has not been even the least appearance of it among our crew. They are all well, excepting Lee, and his foot has healed and is as

natural as before, save a small spot on the ball of the heel.

On the 24th Roach's mate, Fred, came from Kickerton on a dog sled. He reports two very heavy gales at Kickerton. We have had none here. Annanatook Harbor should be named Pacific Harbor.

Having forgotten or neglected to bring ink, I am compelled to manufacture my own, which is done with gunpowder and vinegar.

•Roach's mate staid two days, and then left for home.

Nep-e-ken, Ete-tun, Kim-mock-kone, Eg-e-low, Al-o-kee, Inue-mar-ke<sup>t</sup>, and families have removed to Gloucester Island, some ten or twelve miles distant, where they hope to get seal. This makes my family at the schooner somewhat smaller; but we appear to have just as many to feed. Every Monday, all through the winter, has been provision day; that is, the day the provision or weekly allowance was dealt out to the squaws and children. In the commencement of the winter I forbade the squaws and children coming to the vessel. In lieu thereof I gave them four pounds of bread, one cup of green tea or coffee, and one quart of molasses weekly; but, seals being scarce, and some of the squaws having two or three children, they would soon consume that small allowance, and of course I could not see them suffer. After their allowance was gone I let them come to the vessel for additional supplies, and gave to each a little boiled meal and mo-

lasses and a cup of coffee or tea. In this way I have fed, including the crew, thirty-five or forty persons since the 1st of October.

Nothing strange or new has occurred during the month of February.

We have had snow-storms now and then throughout the month.

March ushered itself in without ceremony. The weather was very cold, but it was bright and sunshiny. We received occasional visits from the natives encamped at Gloucester Island, but they brought but little seal-meat. They had caught but few seals; in fact, scarcely enough to furnish them oil for their lamps. Captain Hall's cooper was here recently looking for seal-skin, for which he wished to trade.

March 15.—The last fourteen days have been intensely cold. The thermometer indicated minus 35° to 45° daily. The Esquimaux are catching a few seals, but even they complain of the cold.

Nép-e-ken was here on the 13th, after the weekly allowance to the natives at Gloucester Island. He brought us some skins and seal-meat, and reports very strong wind at the island. We have experienced no unusual winds here,—a strange fact, in view of the proximity of the two localities. I dispatched Oc-a-took with a quantity of "trade" to Molly Kater-nuna

this morning, to trade for skins, and he took two deer-skins, which are used instead of thread in making up skin-clothing. He only had five dogs hitched to his sleigh. Nearly all of our dogs have died. The weather is now moderating. The thermometer registered minus  $35^{\circ}$  last night, and this morning minus  $12^{\circ}$ . It is still getting warmer, and a storm is threatening.

In a few days the natives will choose their locations for the young sealing. Each Esquimaux takes a particular section, several miles in extent. These seals—the “netzik” of the Esquimaux—are their chief food in winter, and furnish the skins of which they make their summer clothing. They are smaller than the kiolick—or, as the English call them, the “saddle-back”—of the east coast of Greenland and the coast of Labrador. Great numbers of them are taken each spring by English, Scotch, and Newfoundland whaling crews, and one would naturally suppose that this wholesale destruction would destroy them in these seas; yet, strange to say, it has caused no appreciable diminution of their numbers.

The kiolick or saddle-back seal has its young on the drift or pack ice, and this renders them easy to capture when the vessel once gets among them. They lie on the ice by the thousand; at times they extend as far as the eye can reach from the crow’s nest—or, as an American would say, from the mast-head—with a good telescope. In hunting them, there is nothing to do

but get off the vessel to the ice and knock them in the head with a seal club, and then skin them and drag them to the ship. Some of the large steamers carry many men,—from one hundred to two hundred. Therefore the work of destruction goes on rapidly.

The men are most all experienced hands, many of them having followed the business for years. The netzik—more timid than its cousin, the kiolick—has its young under the ice, or, more properly speaking, between the ice and snow. It chooses a place where the snow lies deep upon the ice, and, commencing underneath, will burrow with its fore flippers a hole through the hard sea ice until it comes to the snow, when it stops boring upward and begins to burrow longitudinally along the hard surface of the ice under the snow. It makes its eglow or burrow quite large; perhaps fifteen feet long and six wide. The hole through the ice furnishes access to the sea. The eglow is covered with from two to five feet of snow, and this makes it impossible to hunt them without the aid of dogs, which scent the eglows through the snow. The dogs, being harnessed and held in by a strap or line, will lead the hunter to a spot directly over the eglow, and will then stop and whine and scratch. The hunter then breaks through the snow, and often secures both old and young; but if the young one be well grown both mother and young will escape into

the sea, unless the hunter is quick in making his attack.

These seals are very beautiful when young. Their coats are white and their hair silky, making excellent winter clothing. When about two weeks old they commence to shed their coats, which are replaced by others of light gray in color and silky in texture. They are at this time very delicate eating.

Al-o-kee has just returned from Gloucester Island. He reports that very few seals have been caught there.

I have just received from Shu-mar-ker a neat wooden case, containing three ivory needles. Attached to the case were a leather and an ivory thimble, such as are used by the natives when they are not in communication with the ships. They also make from bone, knives, seal spears, and harpoons; the latter for use in capturing the great bow-head whale.

Tradition teaches the Esquimaux that many years ago they were very numerous, and that game was then more abundant than now; that their forefathers enjoyed themselves hugely, some of them having many wives; that the men of different tribes warred with one another, one tribe often surprising another and stealing its women; and that to avoid surprises tribes often encamped and fortified themselves upon high islands, from which they hurled down death and destruction upon the invader.

They believe in a Supreme Being, and their ankoots

are supposed to communicate with it. They also believe in an evil spirit, and think that after death the bad will go to a different place from the good. Upon the death of one of their number they place all his hunting implements beside his grave, to assist him in his journey to the next world. They also carry food to his grave and deposit it there. For three days they do this; then they suppose he is far enough on his journey to need no more. The men are separated from the women in confinement, and in their monthly sickness, or menses. Infanticide is practiced, but the females are the ones generally destroyed. Among the western tribes this terrible practice prevails to such an extent that there are not women enough to furnish wives for the men. They are a small race, resembling the Chinese or Japanese. They have very small hands and feet, and dark and coarse hair. As yet I have not seen one bald. They have fine teeth, and some of the young girls are quite good-looking; but they break down early, and after this they are hideous.

Chastity is unknown among them. The men often exchange wives for a time. No marriage rites or forms are observed. The man merely chooses a companion, and if she does not suit she is soon cast aside.

They eat their meat and fish both raw and cooked. The story of their drinking large quantities of train oil is a fable. They take a little blubber with their meat, to help digestion, as we eat fat with ours.

They are dirty from circumstances. Put a white man here without soap or water and he would be no cleaner than the Esquimaux. In fact, the Esquimaux are much cleaner than some of our neighbors, whom it is very difficult to distinguish from the dirty and dark natives of the Arctic zone.

March 16.—A stormy day, with a strong breeze from the north-west and snow. The thermometer, which had been ranging very low through the early part of the month, fell to zero.

Nep-e-ken and his party, bag and baggage, arrived in the evening. He had come for a visit prior to his departure for the young sealing. He informed us that at Gloucester Island, a place formerly noted for its abundance of seals, they could scarcely catch enough to eat. The same scarcity prevailed, he said, at all other parts of the gulf that we have heard from.

The Esquimaux here catch little or nothing, and we must, of course, feed them. I believe that had the ships not visited Cumberland Gulf this season the natives would have suffered greatly for food.

We cleaned out the run of the *Florence* to-day, having used all the coal from that quarter.

March 17.—The storm is over; the weather this morning was clear and cold. The thermometer stood at minus 25°. Nep-e-ken brought me off a young seal.

It had apparently just made its *début*, and it as quickly made its exit. It was about sixteen inches long. I wished to get it stuffed for my little boy.

There was a beautiful halo around the moon last night, a mock moon appearing on each side of the real moon and on the ring of the halo. As for the auroras, we see them often, but none very brilliant this winter. Mr. Sherman, who is up at all times in the night, has reported some very brilliant displays.

Chummy tells us that at times in these northern latitudes it rains fish, flesh, and fowl. He also tells me that very often the Innuits or Esquimaux see white deer and white seals, and that they (the latter) come direct from the heavens.

Oc-a-took arrived this evening from Molly Katernuna, bringing a strange native with him. He brought also six deer-skins, three seal-skins suitable for clothing, a good quantity of ewidlow, (deer-sinew,) and a piece of oog-jook, which will be good for boot soles. This was not a very extensive trade. There are too many ships in the gulf, and it makes the skin market poor for the buyer and correspondingly good for the seller. Oc-a-took reports a very heavy gale of wind at Kater-nuna last night, which was still raging when he left. Ete-tun reports very heavy winds at Gloucester Island. He arrived with his family to-day. While I am writing this we have another arrival, Pe-ker, from Kater-nuna, who brings six deer-skins for trade. We

have fed about forty persons to-day—men, women, and children.

March 18.—Weather clear and cold. Thermometer indicates minus 25°. Most of the Esquimaux are off seal-hunting. They returned this evening with only one seal. This is allowance day, and bread, molasses, tea, and coffee were dealt out to the women. Nep-e-ken brought me nineteen seal-skins yesterday. We have quite a number in the hold, but cannot do much with them until the weather gets warmer.

March 19.—Clear and cold. Esquimaux off sealing. They returned without game, but were ready for their mush, bread, and pork. Sawed, split, and sent wood to the observatory to-day for Mr. Sherman. Pe-ker left to-day for Kater-nuna, promising to bring me some young seal-skins this spring.

March 20.—Light northerly wind. Thermometer fell in the night to minus 35°. It rose in the middle of the day to minus 15°. Some of the Esquimaux are preparing to start for the young sealing.

Kim-mock-kone and Inue-mar-ket have gone to-day with sled and dogs to make a track to the young-sealing place.

We have had as yet no indications of the equinoctial gales.

March 21.—Cloudy, with light snow and light westerly wind.

Nep-e-ken and his party are preparing to leave for the young sealing.

Shu-mar-ker yesterday found two seals that had been captured by foxes, and their heads were eaten off. The foxes destroy in this manner many young seals. The natives returned this evening from their seal-hunt without game. I am almost out of patience with them. Their failure to get seals makes it bad for us. They devour our food, and we get in return neither seal-meat nor skins. I have fitted out Nep-e-ken and his party with bread, coffee, tea, molasses, and, of course, tobacco and pipes. They start in the morning, to be gone, I hope, a month or six weeks.

March 22.—This morning, about 3 o'clock, a very strong wind began blowing from the south-east, with snow. The barometer, however, was rising fast, and I knew that the gale could not last long. As I conjectured, at sunrise the gale abated and the wind hauled to the westward; but it had lasted long enough to frighten the Esquimaux from their contemplated journey. Thermometer plus  $15^{\circ}$  this noon,—the warmest day we have had for some time.

March 23.—Cloudy and *very* warm. Thermometer plus  $22^{\circ}$  at noon. Nep-e-ken and party started early

this morning. Shu-mar-ker caught a young seal and its mother. I have procured the young one for a specimen.

Two Esquimaux came from Kater-nuna yesterday. I traded with them for four young seal-skins, one bear-skin, and some deer-sinews. One of these Esquimaux, who is without that very necessary but sometimes unruly convenience, a wife, wished to carry away one of the fair damsels of Annanatook. All that was wanting was the fair one's consent; but she was coy.

Eg-e-low arrived this morning with his bride. They had spent their honeymoon in a snow hut, put up for the occasion, somewhere between here and Gloucester Island.

March 24.—Clear and warm. Little puddles of snow and ice water were noticed on deck,—a cheering sign of the approach of warmer weather. This has been an exceptional month. The first eighteen or twenty days were very cold, with light wind, at least at Annanatook, and now the weather has suddenly moderated and the thermometer shows a change of from minus 40° or 50° to the freezing point,—a change of from 70° to 80° in temperature.

The Esquimaux are all off young sealing. Eg-e-low departed with his bride this morning for a sealing trip. His outfit consisted of one rather dilapidated sleigh, three good dogs and one lame one, four or five

deer-skins for his nuptial couch, sundry pieces of blubber and seal-meat, five pounds of bread, one quart of molasses, and two ounces of tea. One can easily perceive that the necessities of these aborigines are but few. Where night overtakes them they put up a few blocks of snow to protect themselves from the wind, spread their skins on the ice, and sleep.

March 25.—Cloudy, light snow, and light southerly wind. Some of the Esquimaux are off hunting young seal. One of them, Shu-mar-ker, is laid up with snow-blindness. Others are making snow-shoes, as the snow is quite deep and travelling difficult. The spoils of yesterday's hunt were twelve seals—ten young ones and two old ones. One of the old ones was a male. The netzik male seal at five years of age has a most disgusting smell. The natives, however, relish the meat. Indeed, some of them prefer it to the younger and sweeter meat. I breakfasted this morning on the liver of the female seal caught yesterday. These livers are very sweet, and we prize them highly. The liver of the large bearded seal is corrupt; not edible. So, also, is the liver of the polar bear, especially the old ones. The oog-jook of Davis's Strait, Cumberland Gulf, Hudson's Strait, and adjacent waters, I consider the same as the oosurk (or ursurk, or oozook) of Greenland. It has an attuk (here called an eglow) or blow-hole in the ice. I have seen them caught through

these holes the same as they would catch a netzik seal. The young I have taken from the mother when nearly ready to be delivered. They are of a dark, bluish color.

March 26.—Cloudy, with occasional snow. The thermometer has been plus 33°. All winter our deck has been covered with about one foot of snow. This covering we kept on the deck to keep the frost out of the *Florence*. To-day we uncovered, and the water commenced to run freely on the deck. The snow on the ice has softened, the water has pressed its way through the ice, and now it stands about six inches deep, with about two feet of snow on top, making it very bad travelling.

The natives yesterday captured twelve seals. Some of them remained at home to-day to make snow-shoes. Shu-mar-ker continues to suffer from snow-blindness. Mr. Sisson, who, I believe, is the best mechanic on board, is repairing one of the natives' sleighs. Mr. Sisson is our cooper, our carpenter, and, indeed, our everything in the way of mechanics.

It has been nearly calm all day, but while I am writing this the wind has suddenly come on butt-end foremost from the south-east. The *Florence* trembled for a moment and then shook herself free from her winter prison, throwing up her stern some six inches, and breaking the snowbank which is around her in

every direction. The vessel is now very much by the head, and has a bad list a-port.

March 27.—Cloudy; wind quite heavy from the south-east; occasional snow. Thermometer plus 30°. Owing to bad weather, only one of the Esquimaux is off hunting to-day. Yesterday they got six seals. The boats which we put on the ice last fall were completely buried in snow. I had them dug out to-day. I also righted the schooner by removing some weight from port to starboard.

William Albion's hand is in a terrible condition. I am afraid he will lose the use of it.

It is said by all of the Esquimaux with whom I have conversed that the time for nidification of the Arctic raven is February and March; also, that the eggs of this bird will freeze and crack without receiving such injury as will prevent their hatching.

The much-talked-of animal, the wolverine, has been described to me as being of a light gray color; smaller than a wolf; thick-set, with sharp, long claws; very powerful and ferocious. The Esquimaux all have a wholesome fear of coming in contact with this animal. I have heard the same description from Mr. Erkims, in Hudson's Strait.

I have been trying to ascertain from Chummy, who has been to the United States with me and is quite intelligent, where the Esquimaux first procured their

dogs. The tradition is, that in the beginning the primitive Esquimaux or Innuits felt great need of some beast to drag them to and fro in their hunting expeditions, and their ankoots importuned the Great Spirit for relief. They then made some harnesses, and placed them by some large white rocks in the far north, and in due time a fine team of dogs made their appearance in harness, to the gratification of the Esquimaux.

Shu-mar-ker, who was the only one off hunting yesterday, found only two young seals, and they were partly eaten by foxes and ravens. This voracious bird, the Arctic raven, destroys many young seals. They even attack and kill the young deer and the puppies of the Esquimaux dogs.

March 28.—Snowing, with light wind from the west. Thermometer has fallen to plus 20°, and still falling. A sleigh arrived from Kater-nuna last night with one man and an old squaw. All the trade they had were some deer-skins, which I bought for a little bread.

March 29.—Cloudy; wind blowing strong from the south-east, with occasional squalls. This long continuation of southerly wind, I fear, will bring the pack-ice of Davis's Strait into the gulf. The Esquimaux and ourselves are entirely out of seal-meat, the weather being so bad as to make it impossible to hunt with suc-

cess. Only one young seal was caught yesterday. They are very small as yet, and are scarcely fit to eat. One young seal would make about a meal for one native.

I have heard nothing from Nep-e-ken since he departed on the 23d instant.

March 30.—Light wind from the south-east. There is an occasional spitting of snow, and the weather is quite warm. The Esquimaux got only one young seal yesterday. A sleigh arrived from Kater-nuna last evening with several natives. They had no trade.

March 31.—Cloudy; occasional snow-squalls, with a strong breeze from the north-west; quite cold. Two of the six Esquimaux who were hunting yesterday returned last night, bringing one seal. The other four have not returned.

There was a very fine display of the aurora last night to the south and east of our position.

A sleigh arrived last night from Molly Kater-nuna, bringing me a pair of moccasins and mittens. To bring these the native in charge of the sleigh had to travel about forty miles coming, and, of course, will have to go the same distance returning. He left this morning.

The late warm weather has nearly destroyed the egloves or snow huts of the natives, and it has left many of the Esquimaux with very bad coughs. One

of the squaws, Kuck-oo-jug's wife, is seriously ill. Pulmonary diseases are the only ones indigenous to the climate, or, at least, they are the cause of four-fifths of all the deaths that occur among the Esquimaux.

I called all hands this morning to turn the boats bottom-up on the ice. I was surprised at the response—two men and one lame dog! I did not realize that the crew were so few in number until they were collected together. We have only six men in the forecastle. Two of them are laid up,—one with a frozen foot and the other with a sore hand. One man is appointed to attend the two disabled ones; another is assisting Mr. Sherman in his scientific observations. That takes four from ship duty, leaving only two, besides the officers, steward, and cabin boy. We managed, however, to turn the boats by calling on the squaws who were off to the schooner waiting for their mush.

April 1.—Cloudy, with quite a breeze from the north and west. Five natives who were off sealing returned last night, after an absence of thirty-six hours. They were very tired and hungry, but had been quite fortunate in their hunt. Kuck-oo-jug, his son, and son-in-law caught nineteen young seals and one old one; Al-o-kee and Shu-mar-ker, seven young and two old ones. The old ones were left behind, for the present, on account of the bad travelling.

Two sleighs arrived from Kater-nuna last evening. One of the natives, Eva by name, has been all summer and winter in the vicinity of Kennedy's Lake, engaged in deer-hunting, but, owing to deep snow, he could not bring his skins, of which he says he has plenty, down to the ship.

Two Esquimaux came with the other sleigh. They are apparently in search of a runaway wife, or, at least, one of them is; but the fair and frail one will not accompany her lord and master back to his castle of snow at Kater-nuna.

Kim-mock-kone likewise arrived to-day. He went away with Nep-e-ken, but he and Inue-mar-~~ket~~ separated from him, so that each would have a better chance in the hunt. They have taken quite a number of seals, and come down to-day for their allowance of provisions and tobacco.

April 2.—Clear and sunshiny, with strong breeze from the north-west. We were employed to-day breaking out the hold, doing some little carpentering, clearing the decks, &c. Two Esquimaux got three seals yesterday. The others, having rested from the fatigue of their thirty-six-hour journey, started out this morning for another hunt. The fair damsel mentioned yesterday fled rather than submit to the wishes of her lord.

The spring tides of March give to the massive ice

surrounding our little vessel a rise and fall of twenty-four feet and some inches. At the full tides the crunching and grinding of the ice, the dashing of the water, the gurgling of the eddies, and the toppling over of the nicely-poised ice tables along the shores convey a most striking impression of the power that is thus brought into action. The coldest of winters fails to freeze the water in certain localities here. The most solid winter ice is open here and there in pools and patches worn by currents and tides. Similar openings have been found by all previous explorers in the Arctic seas. Such were the open spaces found by Parry in Wellington Channel; such are the streamholes (stromholes) of the Greenland coast, the polynia of the Russians; and such we have here in the most rigorous of winters. The seals resort to these holes in great numbers through the winter, and, of course, they are favorite places for the Esquimaux hunters, whose chief reliance for sustenance through the long Arctic winters is the netzik seal.

The hunting of the seal at the streamholes is not without danger to the hunter. At the spring tides or full tides of winter—or, more properly speaking, at the full and change of the moon, and for several days before and after—the tides run very swift, often with such velocity as to break large masses of ice (though it be several feet in thickness) surrounding the holes, and, lifting them up edgewise, carry them under the

main floes. Many seals are lost at these holes after being shot, the current carrying them down and under the ice before the hunter can spear them and draw them out. Several of our Esquimaux have had narrow escapes this winter while hunting at these holes.

In breaking out to-day I found that we have nearly all of our fresh meats, soups, peaches, and milk left. We have used scarcely any of these articles as yet. We have subsisted on pork, hard bread, meal, rice, and seals, and thus far not one man has been sick. We use no lime juice.

We have not been housed over, but have left our little schooner open and free to the Arctic winds and storms, thereby gaining a free circulation of good and pure air. At times the thermometer has indicated minus 50°, but we were very comfortable, although we had the cabin companion-slide partly off and the doors open some of the time. With a cheerful mind, a cleanly person, pure air, and, of course, something to eat, one can defy the scurvy for years. I have no fear that my men will be afflicted with it. They eat seal-meat, raw or cooked, equal to the Esquimaux. Yesterday they were all on deck surrounding a seal freshly killed and skinned. The seal soon disappeared, leaving no trace except a few bones and the bloody hands and faces of the men.

April 3.—Clear and sunshiny; strong breeze from

the west. Thermometer at early morning minus 5°. The Esquimaux were all off hunting this morning. They got but few seals yesterday. I find upon breaking out and taking an inventory of our stores that we have remaining about twenty-two hundred pounds of bread, thirteen barrels of meat, about nine barrels of flour, one barrel of meal, rice, beans, all our hams and nearly all our preserved meats and vegetables, fruits, &c., notwithstanding the fact that we have fed on an average forty persons since October. We have only four casks of coal—probably about three tons—remaining, but I think, with the wood we have, it will be sufficient to see us through, as we can soon do without fires, except for cooking purposes.

There was a very beautiful display of the aurora last evening from 9 p. m. until after midnight. It extended from the north in an arch to the south-west, and consisted of a dark segment, of a hazy or slaty appearance, surmounted by an arch of light, from which luminous streamers quivered and darted toward the zenith.

April 4.—Clear and cool, with light breeze from the north-west. This morning, while half asleep, or in that dreamy state between sleeping and wakefulness, I heard a quick, sharp tread upon deck. The cabin doors were thrown open violently, and an intruder descended, without ceremony, and drew aside my state-

room door, wishing me good morning. Looking up I discovered Mr. Hall, of Kickerton station, standing in the doorway, dressed in his travelling suit of deer-skins. The steward and boy were instantly called, and as soon as Hall could divest himself of his clothing breakfast was served. He had started from the Kickertons the day before, but when about half-way to Annanatook he met with bad travelling—deep snow and water on the ice; so that he was compelled to pass the night upon the floe. After breakfast Captain Hall ordered his native driver to bring down a certain rubber water-bag, capable of holding three quarts of water. The native shortly appeared, holding the bag in his hands, and, with a most woeful expression on his face, he exclaimed: “As-se-a-wake! as-se-a-wake!” The bag was collapsed. I soon discovered that it was not water they had lost, but something stronger, and, from its scarcity, considered more precious.

There is no news of interest from below. They are preparing for the spring whaling. A fly made its appearance in our cabin yesterday. I have seen nothing of it to-day. It probably ventured too near the cabin door and was singed by the cold air.

Captain Hall tells me that quite a number of the men at Niantilic are down with the scurvy. Eg-e-low arrived from Nep-e-ken’s sealing grounds, bringing some few skins and a little meat. He reports good

sealing at their station. He returns to-morrow with provisions and tobacco.

April 5.—Last evening the wind suddenly hauled to the south-east, and before midnight it was blowing hard, with heavy snow falling. Captain Hall had made preparations to start for home, but this morning he concluded to postpone his departure until the storm breaks. The wind having moderated along toward noon, Eg-e-low started on his return. The snow is very deep and, of course, travelling is difficult. One little snowbird, with white and dark plumage, was seen to-day. The *Florence* has on her bridal robes again to-day. She is covered with frost from deck to truck, and from a little distance presents a most beautiful appearance. She is often thus. I attribute it to the great quantity of water on the ice, which keeps the snow continually saturated and the air full of vapor, which settles and condenses on our rigging, giving the vessel a very picturesqué appearance.

It is quite warm. The thermometer showed plus 24° at noon.

April 6.—Cloudy, but warm and pleasant. Captain Hall left this morning at 4 o'clock. All hands were employed at cutting fresh-water ice. The Esquimaux were—all but three—off sealing again. The three at home are laid up with sore eyes. The squaws are at

work on skin-clothing; but they work very slow. The only thing the Esquimaux are punctual in is their meals. Although they have no clocks, they never miss the time; and when breakfast or dinner is ready they are there promptly for it.

As soon as they are through with the spring sealing, I must either send or go myself to the Kickerton Islands. I wish to get a large sleigh—one capable of carrying a whale-boat or large casks. I must get casks down to the whale which we captured last fall and try and save some blubber from the body; also, if possible, get the jaw-bones for the north polar expedition. The whale is at present buried in the shore ice. It will be a difficult and tedious task to cut him out, but I think we will make the attempt.

It is astonishing to see how fleshy the most of the crew have grown since leaving home. Certainly the Arctic regions must agree with them. My cabin boy—I am almost afraid to call him “boy” now—has increased in bulk from one hundred and sixteen to one hundred and sixty pounds; and Mr. Burrows, the second officer, can scarcely see out of his eyes for fat; while some of the others are not far behind him.

The temperature rose this afternoon to plus  $32^{\circ}$ , again threatening the Esquimaux’ egloves with destruction. This morning it was daylight at 3 o’clock. It gets dark about 9 p. m. I am glad that the dark season has passed, for our kerosene is getting low. The

crew and the squaws are on the ice this evening playing ball. Even the little children join in the game. All appear to be happy and free from care. The invalids are improving rapidly, under the combined influence of warm weather and seal-meat.

April 7.—Broken clouds; warm and pleasant; wind south-east. It is Sunday, and, of course, we do nothing to-day, or, at least, only what is absolutely necessary. The Esquimaux, however, do not cease their hunting. They have no Sunday; therefore no day of worship. One of the squaws brought me a very fine deer-skin jacket this morning. I have considerable clothing made up, but not as much as I hope to get. My cabin boy and one of the foremast hands ventured out sealing this morning. They returned this evening thoroughly "beat out." Of course they had no seals.

April 8.—It is a beautiful morning—one of the soft, balmy, sunshiny days that would be enjoyable at home and is delightful here. The snow is disappearing very fast. The snow embankment around the vessel, which was several feet thick, has almost disappeared. The men begin to straighten up, and the kinks are fairly gone from some of their backs. It is remarkably mild for this time of the year. We have no fire; the cabin doors are open, and it is much pleasanter on deck than below. This is allowance day. Early this

morning the squaws came off from the shore, accompanied by the children and dogs. Several had young seals, just skinned, in their hands;—these, I suppose, to better their chances for some warm coffee. The hunters yesterday got quite a number of young seals. To-day they are laid up with sore eyes. We were employed most of the day in cleaning up the *Florence* and in making needed repairs. The thermometer showed plus 29° early this morning.

April 9.—Wind blowing strong from the northwest. Last night the air was thick with light snow. The two natives who went sealing yesterday remained off all night. They returned this morning with fourteen seals. I have just sent one of the men to the shore for two young seals for breakfast. We consume from four to five daily. The meat is very sweet and is as tender as a spring chicken. It is not only very palatable, but it keeps the crew in good health.

While it is fresh in my memory, I think I had better write, not what I know, but what I hear, of Lake Kennedy. This lake is supposed to be situated in latitude 66° north and longitude 73° west. It is so placed on the charts, but by whose authority I cannot say, as I have neither read nor heard of any white man having visited it until Captain John Roach did so in the year 1876. He went there deer-hunting, in company with some Esquimaux, in the spring of that year. He

went in the month of April, before the land had thrown off its winter coat, and before the sun had thawed the lake ice. I had often heard the Esquimaux speak of this great lake; of its abundance of fish; of the great quantity of game which resorts there; of their not being able to see land from one shore toward the other; of the land being entirely level,—in fact, a vast plain or prairie, stoneless and treeless, but covered in summer with tall grass, in which the natives would secrete themselves and await the approach of their unsuspecting prey, the reindeer. While thus secreted in the grass, the Esquimaux have shot down as many as twenty or thirty deer before the herd took alarm and fled. I have been more particular in my inquiries this time than heretofore concerning this lake, as I wished to get all the information possible about it. With this in view, I have heard Mr. Roach's story, although he was there at a time when everything was locked fast by the frost. He started with two sleighs, manned by Esquimaux. He was four days on the way between Kickerton and Kennedy Lake. He saw thousands of reindeer; went up a deep fiord just a short distance from Kater-nuna. On arriving at the head of the fiord he crossed a low, narrow neck of land, about a hundred yards in width, then entered on the lake ice; followed the lake about fifteen miles or more; came to another narrow neck of land, about two hundred yards in breadth, which he crossed and

entered on another lake; followed this lake about thirty miles, then came to another narrow neck of land, which he also crossed and entered on Kennedy Lake. After leaving the first lake he lost sight of the mountains to the eastward, and to the westward neither hill nor mound broke the view as far as he could see. It was a vast snow-white and snow-covered prairie. Kennedy Lake and everything surrounding it were locked in ice. He discovered that the lake was dotted with hundreds of small islands, many of them not larger than an ordinary parlor floor. The Esquimaux visit this lake every spring for the purpose of hunting the reindeer, of which they get great numbers. Some remain at or near the lake all winter, as did Eva, who was here a few days ago. They all have one story to tell of the vastness of this lake; of the abundance of game; of the large salmon and many other species of fish which inhabit its waters; and of the many seals of the netzik species which are found there. Among the game described I can make out three kinds of geese, many ducks, and other birds without number. The squaws destroy the young goslings as food for the dogs. The land is entirely free from stones. Its soil is dark and abounds with fossils. One native tells me that last summer he was at the lake's western extremity; that, looking to the westward, he could see no land—nothing but water; and he thought he saw a ship there. This lake empties into Fox Channel, or

what is called Dorchester Bay, all still unexplored. The Esquimaux carry their large and heavy boats from here to this lake. They have also carried the large and clumsy Scotch boats there.

Considered from a scientific point of view, these lakes—I say “lakes,” because there are three—open a vast field to the explorer. In a pecuniary point of view, I believe it would pay to work it. There are fish, seal, birds, and deer. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of pounds of deer-meat, fish, eggs, feathers, and down could be preserved. Then there are oil from the seals, skin from the seals and deer, thousands of geese and ducks. All could be put up in cans there—at least those articles suitable for preservation in this way—and easily sent to salt water, and thence home to the markets. Where is the Yankee who will undertake this enterprise? I believe there is a mine of wealth there. If I could spare time I would visit this lake—or, rather, these lakes—now. To explore them, and others probably adjacent, would require a whole summer. The natural resources of the section can only be ascertained by systematic and careful exploration.

April 10.—Yesterday afternoon and last night the north-west wind blew very strong, with heavy snow-drift. The thermometer fell from plus 19° to minus 5°. This morning the weather is better, but still a

good breeze prevails, and it is quite cold. An aurora was seen last night about midnight. Some of the Esquimaux are laid up with ophthalmia. Since the squaws received their allowance, on Monday, I have not seen one at the schooner; but I fear we will have a storm of them here to-day. They are fond of hot coffee and mush, and are as vain and proud of a calico skirt as their favored sisters of a more genial clime would be of silks and satins.

April 11.—Clear and fine weather. Early this morning the thermometer indicated  $2^{\circ}$ . The Esquimaux, having partly recovered from snow-blindness, are off sealing. Mr. Kumlein has gone with them to try his luck. The native Eva and his wife arrived last night from Gloucester Island, bringing me five young seals and a promise of more as soon as he gets them. The late gale and low temperature have improved the travelling somewhat. The native who was in pursuit of his runaway wife, (Neleanger,) and who has been loitering around here in hope, I suppose, that she would return to his dirty, dusky, and greasy embrace, departed to-day in despair. The wife has fled to her uncle for protection. Although the thermometer stands in the middle of the day at or in the vicinity of zero, the side of the vessel that receives the sun's rays will almost burn the hand. The Esquimaux, when in pursuit of seals this time of the year, are careful, on killing one,

to cover it well with snow before they go in pursuit of more. Should they neglect to do this, and leave the seal uncovered for a short time, the hair on the side exposed to the sun's rays will come off as easily as the hair of a scalded hog. The effect of the sun on the human skin is to turn it black or very dark, very often removing the cuticle or scarf skin, unless the face be well protected with a shade.

We are employed to-day at getting out some provision from the hold for use. Mr. Sisson is putting bone shoeing on the small boat. We shoe the keels of our boats with bone from the jaws of the whale, so as to make them easy to haul over the ice. Very soon, now, we will have the long Arctic day,—continual daylight; no night, no stars. One will scarcely know when to go to rest, but I have a solution for that problem—if, indeed, it should prove one: I shall go to bed when I need rest. This is a land of extremes,—either all dark or all light; all cold or all warm; very bad or very good weather.

I have just had five young seals, skinned and ready to cook, brought aboard. They will do for two meals for all-hands. By this it will be seen that the white man has but little to boast of, in the way of eating meat, over his brother Esquimaux. I think, of the two, the white man is the most voracious.

April 12.—Cloudy and warm. Thermometer regis-

tered plus 32° this morning. We have another warm spell upon us. It is very evident that below us the winds are to the southward.

I get the information from Eva, who was here yesterday, that Capt. Murray's steamer *Windward*, which wintered at Niantilic or at Harrison's Point, a cape which extends some five miles out from the main harbor, is now at New Norvion, a cape some twenty miles to the north of Niantilic. The crews of the four ships which wintered at this exposed point for the purpose of getting out early in the spring, should the water extend up the gulf at that time, commenced to saw out in the warm weather which we had the latter part of March, the water being then only about one hundred yards from the vessels. I understand that Captain Murray, on getting his vessel out of her winter quarters, discovered that the long continuation of southerly winds had brought the Davis Strait pack-ice into the gulf, and, to prevent his ship from being closed in by it, he steamed up to the head of the water which is at New Norvion. Should the south winds continue, even this will not save him from being inclosed in the pack; for it will surely come up, unless there is a long spell of north-west wind. I regret very much to hear that the Davis Strait pack-ice found its way into the gulf, as, once getting fairly lodged there, it is liable to remain all summer, and may make it

very difficult for me to get out in time to join the polar expedition.

The Esquimaux captured a few seals yesterday. Mr. Kumlein did not get any. I do not think he will go immediately on another seal-hunt with the Esquimaux. They cover too much ground in a day for an ordinary traveller to compass. They are always travelling, either in the mountains deer-hunting, or over the snow-clad floes in winter hunting the seal or polar bear. They are light, strong, and muscular, and are therefore better fitted to travel the snow and ice fields than their more unwieldy white brethren. They have, also, another advantage. When tired or fatigued they will lie down on the ice and go to sleep; when hungry they will open a seal, if they have captured one, drink a portion of its blood, and eat as much of the meat or entrails as they want; and thus their strength is restored. I do not say that a white man could not get along just as well if accustomed to such a life; but he is not accustomed, and, so far as I am concerned, I do not want to be.

All hands, except the scientists, were engaged today breaking out the hold of the *Florence* and getting things to rights generally. Nep-e-ken arrived this evening, bringing some seal-meat and one young seal. He has taken quite a number, but did not bring them down. He brought his little boy As-see-wer, who is named "Boatswain" by the sailors, and who is very

fond of pork. It has been very warm to-day, the thermometer going up as high as plus 34°. Nep-e-ken tells me that his boy As-see-wer, who cannot be more than five years of age, has caught six young seals this spring, and that he successfully hunted them last spring also. I know that he can chew and smoke equal to an old tar. They commence young in this country. I have seen some of the little girls, not older than this boy, chewing and smoking tobacco. Such things show the kind of missionary work that has been done among these people.

April 13.—Cloudy; light, variable winds, with high barometer. Thermometer plus 9°. Nep-e-ken left early this morning for his sealing station. Two sleighs arrived from Kickerton Island late last evening. The party consisted of five persons, men and squaws. The Esquimaux were not very successful in yesterday's hunting. Nearly all of them are laid up to-day with snow-blindness. The natives who arrived last night bring no news of interest, except that there is a scarcity of seals below and that the Esquimaux are scattering to different parts of the gulf in search of them. Everything is going on in a dreary, monotonous uniformity; no hair-breadth escapes; no combats with the polar bear. The weather is at times remarkably fine. I do not think that any climate in the world is superior to that of the Arctic regions in the months of

April, May, and June. This evening all Nature lies here in quiet repose, like Innocence asleep.

April 14.—It is really a beautiful day. The sun has a peculiar silvery whiteness, like a burnished silver mirror. Not a cloud is to be seen in the heavens. According to meteorological theory and the laws of storms, we have several days been at the outer limit of a great storm. The light, variable winds, the very fine weather, and the extra-high barometer all signify this.

Roach's Esquimaux left this morning, "homeward bound." How pleasant the sound of those words! But how much more pleasant will it be to realize that we are homeward bound in reality!

Many of the Esquimaux who have recovered from their eye-sickness have gone sealing to-day. Some of the men whose eyes are not affected by the brightness of the sun reflected from the snow-covered mountains and ice, are off for a quiet stroll over the floe or on the land. Kim-mock-kone arrived this afternoon from his and Inue-mar-ke's sealing station. He came on foot, and thinks of returning to-morrow. He informs me that they have quite a number of young seals, but I cannot ascertain the number, as few of the Esquimaux can count beyond six. Nep-e-ken managed to tell me, when he was here, that he had taken as many as twelve in a day. He conveyed the number

by holding up his fingers. I hope to get a number of these young seal-skins, as they make excellent clothing; but it takes so many to supply them and their families that I do not know how I shall succeed.

April 15.—Clear and cold; light breeze from the north-west. Barometer still very high; thermometer minus 3° last night. Since removing the embankment from around the vessel we find it quite cold, particularly at night, when there is a breeze from the north or west. It was so wasted by the recent warm weather that I thought it best to have it and the dirt which necessarily accumulated removed. Since the removal of the embankment, if the temperature falls to zero and a light breeze prevails, it will freeze quite hard in the cabin at night when the fires are out. That is the case about every night now, as we cannot afford to be too free with our fuel, which is getting low.

There was an aurora last night about midnight. I did not see it, but Mr. Sherman considered it very interesting, from the fact of its hanging over and apparently emerging from some water holes, which are kept open by the current, to the eastward of the *Florence*. The vessel lies with her head to the north and west, so as to take the winter storms head and stern, as they generally prevail from the north-west and south-east. By dropping the squaresails we make quite a shelter, when the wind is from the western quarter, for those

who are at work on deck. Under this shelter Mr. Sisson is now at work putting a bone shoeing on the keel of the small boat, as before mentioned. Mr. Burrows is replenishing our supply of fresh-water ice from the ponds on the land. We do not use snow water. I consider it injurious to health.

Not a cloud to be seen again to-day. The heavens have a pale, bluish color, and the sun is very bright and white. Eva has just arrived from the Gloucester Islands. He brought me a live seal, but the poor little fellow was badly bitten by one of the dogs when he was captured. It is allowance day again, and we have been harassed all day by the squaws, clamoring for their weekly provender.

The Esquimaux have a peculiar way of designating or noting distances. For instance, "con-e-took" means but a short distance,—it may be one hundred yards or ten miles; "coning-twadle" means such a distance that one does not want to undertake the journey without steam and good weather; "wes-er-pook" means such a distance that one was never known to get to his journey's end; "wes-er-twadle" means such a distance that it is utterly impossible for a man to get there in his short span of life.

April 16.—Fine weather. Barometer still high; thermometer last night minus 3°. Beautiful cirro-stratus clouds to-day. The cirro-stratus is markedly

a precursor of storms, and from its greater or less abundance and permanence it gives some indication of the time when the storm may be expected. A very brilliant aurora was visible last night, extending from the north-east to the south-west.

My little seal is dead. It died last night about midnight. The poor little thing was wounded more dangerously than I thought at first. It moaned like a child in pain, and would look up, with its great round black eyes, as if imploring relief from its sufferings. I received another live one to-day, however. He is a white-coat, or this spring's seal, probably about fifteen days old. He is as ugly and as savage as a young dog, and will bite at any and every thing within his reach. He is now on deck sunning himself.

Traded for seven young seals to-day, brought by a native from Molly Kater-nuna. They are just as they were when taken, so I have the skins as well as the meat. Mr. Kumlein is making a drawing of the young seal that died. Nearly all the Esquimaux were off hunting yesterday. Last night they brought back quite a number of young seals. As I have no goggles to give them, they fall back on their primitive spectacles. They are made of wood, fitted to the shape of the nose, or at least that part of the face where the spectacles will bear. There are two slits for the eyes, with a little shelf projecting over them. They are secured to the head by a seal thong. This contrivance

protects the eyes somewhat, but does not always save them from snow-blindness.

April 17.—Clear weather. Not a cloud to be seen. The wind is blowing quite strong, with a high barometer and wind north-west. There is so much wind that the Esquimaux did not go sealing to-day. The moon fulled yesterday, with the wind north-west, where I suppose it will remain the greater part of this moon. A fine aurora appeared last night, its arch extending to and across the moon's disk, although the moon was very bright at that time. My second seal died last night, from what cause I know not; it appeared strong and well. Excepting two of the crew—the one with the sore hand and Lee with his frozen foot—we have not had a case of sickness since leaving home.

April 18.—We are getting our boats from shore to-day. It is my intention to have them fitted for whaling, so that at the time we are released from winter quarters—which I hope and expect will be as soon as the 15th of July—we will be ready to take a whale, should we be fortunate enough to see one. If the ice does not form a most serious obstruction, I hope to arrive on the coast of Greenland by the 3d or 6th of August. I am very anxious to get one more whale before we leave.

It is a very fine, warm day, with light, variable

winds. The Esquimaux are off on the hunt to-day. Every morning I dispatch the cabin boy, Charles Fuller, (who, a light delicate youth eight months ago, now weighs, I should think, 170 pounds,) to the shore for our daily allowance of meat. He generally brings four, and sometimes five seals. These are for one day's feeding. He has a small hand sleigh to bring them on, and every morning regularly this poor, dear little 170-pounder can be seen wending his way to the shore for seal-meat. He is young, only eighteen, and is as round-faced as the full moon; therefore a great favorite with the dusky damsels, and will get seal-meat where others might fail.

April 19.—Fine weather. Last night we had a light fall of snow. A sleigh arrived this morning from Kater-nuna. It brought no trade, except two small seal-skins. The Esquimaux are getting but few skins now. The young seals are getting old enough to take to the water, and many, therefore, escape. Pumped the bilge-water out of the schooner to-day. In the lower part of the hold the water did not freeze through the winter. Had we not had a heavy bank of snow around the vessel—which, of course, excluded the cold air and prevented the warmth generated by the fires from escaping—such would not have been the case.

The thermometer went up to plus 32° yesterday, but soon fell again. This morning it is plus 14°. All

hands employed at general ship duty. Mr. Sisson is coopering barrels and casks. Mr. Burrows and men are coiling whale-lines and preparing whale-gear. I was somewhat surprised at the appearance of Two-poung this morning. This is the squaw who recently ran away from her husband. She is here again, and I scarcely know what to do with her, unless I set her to work making clothing; that will help pay for her board. Kim-mock-kone arrived to-day, bringing some seal-meat. He returns to-morrow with a reinforcement of dogs, so as to bring the natives back, as the young sealing is about over. Very soon I may expect my large family all collected around the schooner.

Oe-a-took and wife left for Molly Kater-nuna this afternoon, to be gone some days, on a visit to his mother. This is a young, strong, and intelligent Esquimaux. I wish sincerely that I could persuade him to accompany me to the east coast of Greenland, but I cannot, on account of his mother, who does not want him to go.

April 20.—Light snow, with light southerly winds. Kim-mock-kone left early this morning. The thermometer fell last night to plus 3°. The natives have no dogs, and, it being bad weather, they are not sealing.

April 21.—Cloudy; light breeze from the south-

east; spittings of snow. It is Sunday. We are doing no work to-day. Some of the natives are off sealing. Inue-mar-ket, who arrived yesterday from his sealing station, was unable to bring all of his seals. He has gone after them to-day. A sleigh arrived from Molly Kater-nuna last evening. The weather is very warm for this time of the season; plus 18° this morning. It is thawing on deck, where the cold air does not reach. I have been trying again to persuade some of the Esquimaux to accompany me to the coast of Greenland, and they promise to do so. We shall see. My "meat cart" has just arrived, bringing our daily allowance of meat. It returns to the shore laden with seal-skulls for Mr. Kumlein, the naturalist.

April 22.—Strong breeze from the south-east, with snow. The Esquimaux are not sealing, on account of the bad weather, but have gone with a team to bring in some seals, buried in the ice, which they captured some time ago. They often, when hunting, kill more seals than they are able to bring back on the sleigh, particularly when their dogs are scarce. Some of the Esquimaux only possess one dog; others two or three. If one is the proprietor of half a dozen he is considered rich. We broke out a cask of bread this morning, and were very much surprised and disappointed to find it only partly full. The cask contained whale-line, flags, and bread, and had not more than one hun-

dred pounds of the latter; whereas had it been full, as I supposed, there would have been nearly four hundred pounds. This is the squaws' allowance day. It reminds me of wash day at home.

April 23.—Clear and sunshiny. Were employed to-day at ship duty. Oc-a-took returned last night from Kater-nuna. Inue-mar-ket has gone with a team of dogs to assist Nep-e-ken in bringing his family and the seals he has caught to the schooner. Only two of the natives are sealing to-day. Ar-but, one of the natives belonging to the brig *Alert*, Captain Watson, came here to-day. He has been engaged at young sealing in this vicinity during the last month. A few days ago he unfortunately cut off the end of his third finger. He came here to have it doctored. He brought six young seal, skins and all, as a fee. I have got the seals and he has departed satisfied.

April 24.—Cloudy, but pleasant and warm weather; light north-east wind. We were employed to-day at repairing the vessel. Most of the Esquimaux are out sealing.

April 25.—Clear and fine. Light breeze from the north-east. This has been a warm spring, and an exceptional one. I was employed to-day doing some little carpenter work around the *Florence*, repairing

steering-gear, &c. Nep-e-ken returned last evening from his young-sealing expedition. He has been very successful. This morning I got quite a number of seals from him, and have set the squaws at work skinning and drying them. They are drying in the sun, the only curing process they undergo. We have now no night proper. It is dusky at midnight, or what we would call midnight if it was dark. Last night at 12 o'clock it was light enough to see to read large print. We have had a regular storm of Esquimaux this afternoon at dinner. None of the men are sealing to-day. They are taking a holiday, I suppose, to commemorate their success in the young sealing. Men, squaws, and children to the number of twenty-two were here at dinner,—quite a large family. They dine, of course, after we are through. The *élite* come first here as well as elsewhere,—they have the best; then the ordinary follow,—they have second best; then the squaws and children, and they have third best, which amounts to little. The sun has a hazy appearance this evening, which portends a storm, I fear.

April 26.—Cloudy; light breeze from the westward, accompanied by snow. Last evening the wind hauled to the south-east, and some little snow fell through the night. This morning the wind is as above, but I think it is only a local breeze, as the weather is too warm

for westerly winds. Water is running on the schooner's deck. The Esquimaux are housed.

April 27.—We have a strong breeze to-day from the north-west, with severe squalls. We were employed in getting ice for drinking purposes. Eg-e-low returned last evening from young sealing. He brought many seals. The natives are all here now, to the number of twenty-five—men, women, and children. Our bread disappears very fast. All opportunities for spring whaling have been lost through my desire to keep the Esquimaux away from the influences of those who are inimical to the undertaking. I have another one of my crew partly laid up. The cabin boy, I fear, is threatened with a felon on one of his fingers. We can laugh at the scurvy, but sore fingers abound.

April 28.—We have a strong and cold wind from the north. The sun occasionally shines, but the weather is in the main cloudy. Thermometer fell to minus 7° last night, if one may call all daylight night. It is Sunday. The cleaning and drying of skins go on as fast as the weather will permit. I received twenty young seals from Inue-mar-ket this morning.

April 29.—It is clear, with a strong breeze from the north-west. Thermometer last night minus 1°. The wind makes it very unpleasant. It feels almost as

cold as when minus 40°. Allowance day. Two families are about to start on a visit to Niantilic to see their friends. It was light enough last night when the sun was making the circumpolar circuit to read at midnight.

April 30.—April has taken its departure in rather a rough manner. It is snowing quite fast, and the temperature being high enough to thaw the snow as it comes in contact with the skin or with clothing, of course it is very unpleasant. None of the Esquimaux are hunting, and they have postponed their contemplated journey to Niantilic. I was prepared to send a sleigh to Kickerton Island, but that, too, must be postponed on account of the weather. The time drags heavily and wearily. I could be in a manner content if I were only sure of success. I lie down nights and think, and then, falling asleep, dream of what should be done to insure success; but all amounts to a headache in the end.

May 1.—It has been a beautiful day, the sun shining brightly and the wind blowing slightly from the northwest, with a cloudless sky. Yesterday afternoon the wind hauled to the west and snow ceased falling. Through the night the wind blew quite strong; at its maximum, about thirty miles an hour. It was quite cold also, minus 5°; but this, the first of May, is

splendid, with its warm sun and light wind. We commenced on our next to the last cask of coal to-day. We have enough to last, probably, six weeks.

Nep-e-ken and family and Mr. Kumlein started for the Kickertons this morning. I have written to Captain Roach, of that station, to send me up a large sleigh—one that is capable of carrying a heavy cask. I shall try to save some of the blubber of the whale killed last fall. We had an increase in our family last night. Polly, (Kim-ik-pak-jie,) wife of Ete-tun, was delivered of a male child in the night. Both mother and child, I believe, are doing well. This will prevent their going to Niantilie, as they contemplated. Inue-market and family and Chummy have gone, however.

May 2.—Fine weather; clear and cold. The thermometer fell last night to minus 9°. The wind is from the north-west. It is bright and sunshiny. Employed at setting up a cask. None of the Esquimaux out sealing to-day, I suppose, on account of some superstitious notion. The mother and the late addition to the ship's company are doing well. The season is more backward than I anticipated. Everything is as yet covered with its winter coat of snow. It will be a relief to see once more the bare rocks and the blue sea. Mr. Sherman is making preparations to observe the transit of Mercury across the sun, which occurs May 6.

May 3.—Fair weather, but nothing to boast of. Cirrus clouds, denoting wind. Strong wind yesterday afternoon from west and south-west. The thermometer did not fall to zero; plus 9° was the lowest point reached. A few of the Esquimaux went sealing this morning. Of course we have but a few dogs to work with, as the travellers to Kickerton and Niantilic carried off all but six, and one of them I have on board, she having given birth to young last night. I hope to save these pups, as they will be excellent dogs to carry on the expedition. We still keep up the system of two meals a day. We are compelled to do so on account of the growing scarcity of both food and fuel. We have plenty of meat, but bread must be used with economy.

May 4.—Cloudy, warm weather. A light, variable wind prevails. Inue-mar-keet returned last night. He did not go any farther than Kater-nuna. Chummy continued on to Niantilic. The Esquimaux returned last night, bringing four seals, the spoil of the day's hunt. They are not off to-day, the most of them being troubled with ophthalmia. I lost three of my young puppies last night. I suppose they got chilled with cold through the neglect of the mother. The remaining four are doing well. Employed to-day overhauling all the schooner's gear. We find it in rather a bad condition. The two men with sore hands and

the one with sore foot are convalescing slowly. I consider the saving of Lee's foot next to miraculous.

Ete-tun-winger, husband of Kim-ik-pak-jic, came to me this morning and wished me to give him some bread for his wife. I gave it to him. He stood a few moments and very delicately hinted that Polly—we always call her "Polly"—would like a little butter (aksunk) to eat with her bread. I gave him a little butter, but it was evident that his errand was not finished. He was fidgety. In a few moments he hauled out one of the cast-away pepper-boxes of the steward's and requested me to give him a small quantity of sugar for his wife. I gave it to him. The poor squaw must suffer a great deal from the effects of her late confinement. It is very evident, however, that they are getting civilized fast.

At noon to-day, the sun being out and quite bright, I concluded to try the thermometer in the sun's rays alongside of the schooner. For that purpose I hung it on the port side of the vessel, suspending it by a string, the instrument being in its box, the box leaning against the black-painted side of the schooner and elevated four feet from the ice. It rose to plus  $73^{\circ}$ . I then placed the thermometer on the other side of the vessel, in the shade, and in about the same position in regard to the ice. It fell to plus  $35^{\circ}$ —a difference of  $38^{\circ}$ . I then buried the thermometer, it being in the box, one

foot deep in the snow. It fell to plus 28°. On shore Mr. Sherman's thermometer read at noon plus 24°.

May 5.—We have a bright and beautiful day. Scarcely a cloud is to be seen. Although we have generally fine and warm days, we have also cool nights. We call it "night," from habit, though it be not dark. The sun gives us but very little heat when low in the northern horizon. Last night the thermometer fell to plus 5°. This morning shortly after sunrise it read plus 20°. Chummy arrived last night from the south. Tes-e-wane and his wife also came from Niantilic, bringing me a few skins. I left a quantity of trade with him last fall for the purpose of procuring skins. This is the second time he has sent me some.

The vessels that wintered at Niantilic succeeded in getting into the water in the latter part of March or the fore part of April, and they are now at the floe edge. As yet they have not taken any whales. One of them—the steamer—is frozen in the floe nearly in the centre of the gulf.

It is Sunday. Everything is quiet. Some of the men are taking a stroll on the ice; others on the shore. Some few of the Esquimaux are off sealing. Mr. Kumlein and Nep-e-ken, with all the party who went to the Kickertons, arrived here this evening. They had not as good travelling as they anticipated. They

were twenty-three hours in reaching there. They staid there one day and then started on their return. They were forced to sleep on the ice last night. Captain Roach has sent me a large sleigh; also some flags to flag casks with. Captain Hall sent me a fine lot of coffee mugs or drink cups; also a crow-bar, of which we were in need. They are anxiously looking for whales, but as yet have seen none. All the vessels, I understand, have been frozen in the young ice in and about the centre of the gulf. Only two have succeeded in getting out of it.

Mr. Kumlein's expedition to the Kickertons was not void of good, as he was fortunate in collecting some rare specimens. Among the collection was one fine large bear's head, skeletons of the netzik seal and oog-jook, and some fossil remains of marine animals from Kennedy Lake. As it is not generally known, I will here mention that the young of the bearded seal—or “oog-jook,” as the Esquimaux call it—sheds its coat of dark-blue hair before birth.

May 6.—The sun was clear and bright this morning. Shortly after sunrise, however, a light breeze sprang up from the north-east, bringing with it a damp fog. The only instrument Mr. Sherman had for observing the transit of Mercury was a three-inch terrestrial telescope. We were employed to-day setting up rigging. The work progresses very slowly, and it is quite warm.

Owing to the warm air and the fog combined the snow is disappearing rapidly. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fog became dense, and has undoubtedly interrupted Mr. Sherman's observations. He saw the greater portion of the transit, however. This has been allowance, or squaw's day.

May 7.—Cloudy, with some little haze; the sun, however, shining occasionally. A bright parhelion was observed this morning; also cirrus clouds. So we may look for a storm soon. A sleigh arrived from Kater-nuna, bringing me seventy skins of young seals, which I traded for. Most of the Esquimaux are sealing to day. Tes-e-wane started on his return to the south, and I am not sorry; for not only are the Esquimaux a great deal of trouble, but so many dogs around the schooner make the night hideous. Employed to-day in getting fresh-water ice, coopering casks, and repairing sails.

May 8.—Hazy, warm weather. Thermometer plus 46°. The ice is, of course, wasting very fast under the combined influences of heat and currents. Here at Annanatook the current is very strong, and I expect the *Florence* will be afloat long before the gulf ice will allow us to depart from the harbor. It will need some care to prevent her from being shoved on shore by these floating masses of ice. We are preparing to

go to the whale and try to save some of the blubber. Of course in this matter we have to depend upon the Esquimaux for help. If it was not for them I could do nothing with the whale; in fact, I could accomplish but very little here in any matter without their aid. They returned late last night from sealing, bringing some half-dozen seals. They are preparing to vacate their snow iglaus, which have sheltered them during the winter, and betake themselves to their skin huts or "tapigs"—their summer residences.

May 9.—Cloudy and foggy. It has evidently been storming during the last three days around and near us, but, excepting a light fall of snow and a heavy fog which hangs around and over the land, we have not felt or seen any of its effects. Thermometer yesterday plus  $48^{\circ}$ ; this morning plus  $36^{\circ}$ ; last night it did not fall below  $27^{\circ}$ . The burgomaster-gulls have made their appearance. So, too, the little snowbirds. They have been, to the south of us, near and about the water for the last month. Many ducks are swimming near the floe edge. Everything has a lively and spring-like appearance. The wind is from the south. It looks dark and heavy down the gulf. Some few of the Esquimaux are sealing; others are busy getting their tapigs or summer huts ready. The warm weather has likewise destroyed the snow covering of the observatory, and

its occupants have to rely upon the bare canvas for shelter.

May 10.—The weather still remains thick; snow, fog, and southerly wind. It is so warm, however, that the snow melts about as fast as it falls. The weather is bad for drying skins, and little progress is made in that direction. It is a bad time for the Esquimaux, as they are continually kept wet by the falling and melting snow, which keeps their tapigs in a dirty and wretched condition. They brought some few seals last night or this morning; for they were gone until morning. Cracks are opening in the ice. Here and there, too, are some little pools of water. For several hours this afternoon a heavy rain fell, and during the continuance of the storm there was scarcely a dry spot to be found in the vessel's cabin. The cold, dry, frosty weather of winter has so shrunken the wood-work that water is free to enter. I can call to mind but one rain-storm in my experience in the Arctic regions in the month of May, and that, I think, was in 1861. We have washed decks all day, the first time in 1878.

May 11.—Still cloudy and thick. Rain fell the entire night. We had a strong breeze from the south last night, which has moderated to-day. I sent two sleighs, carrying seven casks, down to the whale. If

the weather is favorable the Esquimaux will follow to-morrow.

May 12.—Wind still strong from the south-east. Some little rain fell last evening. The Esquimaux returned with the two sleighs at 11 p. m. It is Sunday. All quiet.

May 13.—Heavy southerly wind. I dispatched one sleigh-load of casks to the whale this morning. Esquimaux off sealing yesterday. They brought back a few seals. Four of them have not returned yet. It is quite warm, and the ice is wasting fast. Many gulls and ducks were seen to-day. They are on their way to the holes cut through the ice by the currents in this vicinity. If this southerly wind continues much longer I fear the pack-ice of Davis's Strait will enter the gulf.

May 14.—Somewhat foggy this morning, but as the sun gained strength the fog disappeared, and it is now warm and sunny. Kim-mock-kone returned at midnight from carrying casks to the whale. Al-o-kee started this morning for the Kickertons to procure a wife. This native promises to go to the East Land, or coast of Greenland, to join the expedition there. He is desirous of a wife before he starts. I shall be compelled to wait until he returns before I can send down

to the whale, on account of the scarcity of dogs. We were employed to-day painting boats, coopering casks, &c.

May 15.—Weather somewhat thick; wind south-east; snow this morning. The weather is very warm, even when the sun is low; at night ice scarcely makes. This warm, sultry weather prevents the drying and curing of skins, and I much fear we shall lose many from that cause. I to-day dispatched a sleigh with a load of casks to the whale.

May 16.—The weather is fine and warm, with light southerly wind. The sun is extremely hot, and this, of course, denotes more southerly or easterly weather. Nep-e-ken, my namesake, has started with all the male Esquimaux—to the number of ten—down to the whale. If it is not possible to cut up the carcass, they will seal a few days. All the squaws are busy making tapigs and cleaning and drying skins. We are employed to-day coopering casks, painting the boats, and drying the skin-clothing, which latter had been somewhat damp.

May 17.—Cloudy; southerly wind, with snow. The remarkably warm weather has brought forth new grass. Some flowers are also making their appearance on the southern exposures. Flies are abundant.

Snow disappears as fast as it falls. We are on our last cask of coal. It now contains about one-third of a ton. Mr. Kumlein's forefinger of the left hand is quite sore. This makes the third man in the crew so afflicted. One of the three came very near losing the use of his hand for life, and I greatly fear he will lose the use of one finger, notwithstanding all the care that has been bestowed upon him.

May 18.—Sky overcast; weather quite warm; light airs from the west. We had a little hail last evening. Al-o-kee returned last night from his search after a wife. He did not succeed in finding one. This morning he started for the whale, to join his brother Esquimaux. No news of interest from the Kickertons. We have some half-dozen barrels of seal blubber, collected from the Esquimaux. We were employed to-day getting fresh-water ice from the land, making a water butt, &c.

May 19.—Sky still overcast. Yesterday, toward evening, the westerly wind increased to a moderate gale, accompanied at times by snow. Through the night the thermometer fell to plus 18°. It is a warm day and we have southerly wind. I hear nothing from Nep-e-ken and his party. His wife (O-cas-e-ak-ju) sent for me last night to attend her little son, who was taken suddenly ill. I found him in a high fever.

He had probably taken cold playing in the damp snow. He is somewhat better this morning. It is Sunday, and no work, of course, is going on. The men cleaned themselves up a little and took a stroll.

May 20.—Yesterday the southerly wind gradually increased until night, when it culminated in a gale. We had all varieties of weather—rain, hail, snow, and sleet—until 3 o'clock this morning, when the wind suddenly hauled to the west, where it is now. Snow continues to fall and water is making fast. The currents and almost unprecedented warm weather are doing their work of destruction, and its results are visible from hour to hour. It is now unsafe to venture on the ice on the port side of the vessel, it is so wasted. Holes miles in extent have formed to the north and west. The ice on the south, or down the gulf, is as yet firm and strong. In a few days all the ice in the head of the gulf will be wasted away, leaving, however, miles of it still firmly adhering to the land below us.

Eva, accompanied by another native and his squaw, came from Kater-nuna last night. They had considerable difficulty in getting here on account of the wasted condition of the ice. Eva brought me only three skins. The travelling has been so bad that he failed to get the skins which he had cached near Kennedy Lake. The other native brought me sixteen

skins of young seals and one deer-skin. These twenty skins I consider worth a hundred dollars to the expedition. The two Esquimaux have heard somewhere that the Davis Strait pack-ice is in the gulf. I hope the rumor will prove untrue. It is quite cool again this evening. Thermometer plus  $20^{\circ}$ .

May 21.—Quite clear and cold. The thermometer fell last night to plus  $15^{\circ}$ . It read plus  $20^{\circ}$  this morning. We have a strong breeze from the north-west, and every evidence of more wind. If it does no other good, I sincerely hope it will clear the gulf of pack-ice. The flies, which were so abundant a few days ago, have disappeared, the cold snap having killed them.

At 5 o'clock p. m. Nep-e-ken and his party, all but two, returned from the whale. Oé-a-took and Pe-ker went to get some deer-meat which they buried in the mountains last summer. They will also look for deer. Nep-e-ken informs me that the shore ice around the whale is still very heavy, and he proposes to postpone the cutting up until a more auspicious time. The party encamped one night on the ice going down and one night coming back. They report the ice very much wasted, even as low down as they have been. Indeed, Nep-e-ken says he never before saw it so rotten at this time in the year. The ice along the shore above low-

water mark lies in large, heavy, broken masses, and under one of these the whale is lying.

May 22.—We have fine weather to-day; light breeze from the north-west, and clear but cool. The thermometer fell last night to plus 15°. We were employed to-day cleaning the bone from the whale's head. We find the slabs a little over ten feet in length. It is not as large a head as I had hoped. The slabs from a very large head will measure from eleven to thirteen feet, and the jaw-bones of a large whale will measure from seventeen to seventy feet. The two Esquimaux, Pe-ker and Oc-a-took, returned late last night, or early this morning. The cabin boy fell through the ice yesterday while going ashore for our supply of meat. While I am writing this the wind hauls to the south-east. There are indications of bad weather again. We are certainly having a trying time of it this spring. One bad spell of weather follows another in quick succession. Under the combined action of warm and bad weather and currents, I do not think the ice can last longer than the 15th of June. That is one month earlier than it generally disappears in the gulf. This evening I went on shore to ascertain, if possible, something about that deer-meat. I found it, but concluded to let it remain, as it was rather too old for our use.

May 23.—We have light southerly winds and snow to-day. It is quite warm.

May 24.—Very fine weather to-day; light easterly winds; sun very hot. This morning the thermometer in the sun read plus 70°. Kuck-oo-jug and son started for the Kickerton Islands this morning. Nep-e-ken and three others have gone to the whale. They will bring back the lines, tubs, and whaling-gear which were left there last fall. I expect another south-east storm by to-morrow.

May 25.—The storm anticipated yesterday from the south-east did not come. Instead, we have a strong breeze from the west. Yesterday afternoon or evening the dark, heavy bank of clouds which was seen down the gulf from early morning came rolling up to the north and west, covering the entire sky. We all looked for a severe storm and hoped to have better weather after it, but we were disappointed. It was quite cool this morning. Thermometer read plus 23°. Two Esquimaux arrived from the Kickertons yesterday evening. They report nothing doing there, and that no whales have been seen. Some of the Esquimaux are quite sick, and the ankoots are, therefore, hard at work.

May 26.—This is what may be termed “variety” weather. Yesterday we had a strong, cold wind from

the north-west, which abated in the evening. The clouds again rolled up from the south and east to the north. At 12 midnight frozen snow fell. The wind veered quickly to the north and west and blew with violence. It is in the same quarter to-day, but it is somewhat more moderate. The Esquimaux who came from the south day before yesterday are not from the Kickertons, as I supposed, but from Sha-meer, a place a little to the north of Cape Storey, the northern cape at the entrance to the gulf. They report a great deal of ice in Davis's Strait. They brought two very fine bear-skins to the *Florence*, one from an old bear and the other from a young one. The mercury fell to plus 18° last night. Ice made in the washing vessel in my state-room. We keep no fire in pleasant weather, as there is no coal to spare. It is Sunday. We are doing nothing, excepting, of course, the scientific work, which never stops.

May 27.—Fair weather; light breeze from the north-west. It was cool last night; mercury plus 30°. I say "night"; of course we have no night, the sun merely dipping the northern edge of the horizon. We are still employed cleaning the whalebone. We find it very dirty. Nep-e-ken, Ete-tun, Al-o-kee, Chummy, and Inue-mar-keet all promise to accompany me to the coast of Greenland, and are making preparations to do so.

May 28.—To-day we have cloudy weather, with light breeze from the south-east. We were employed repairing sails. All the male Esquimaux except two have been away for several days; some deer-hunting, others seal-hunting. The two remaining at the schooner are Ete-tun and Oe-a-took. The latter is sick. Mr. Sherman has been surveying the harbor and vicinity and taking the altitudes of the prominent headlands. Froze quite hard last night.

May 29.—We had quite a gale of wind from the south-east last night. Three inches of snow fell. The wind is to the south to-day and more moderate. It looks wild and bad down the gulf. Two Esquimaux returned from a deer and seal hunt last night. They killed one deer and several seals. Ete-tun, who went out yesterday, brought back four seals. Notwithstanding the southerly wind, the mercury fell to plus 24° last night. It thawed freely this morning. Broached a tierce of hams to-day, the first we have used. The wind blew at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour this evening. It is snowing, and the snow is drifting.

May 30.—Cloudy; light precipitation of snow, with variable wind. Nep-e-ken and party returned last night, bringing our whale-lines and tubs. Al-o-kee also returned from Kickerton Islands. He reports no

whales as yet. The Esquimaux brought in some few seals. They inform me that the ice is in such a rotten condition that they are unable to seal upon it with any fair chance of success. It is certainly bad enough in this immediate vicinity. It is dismal, dreary weather.

May 31.—Fair to-day; quite a strong breeze from the west. Employed cleaning bone, repairing sails, &c.

June 1.—Cloudy; light south-east wind. We were employed again to-day cleaning bone, repairing sails, &c. It was quite cold last night, and the temperature was but little higher this morning.

June 2.—The south-east wind of yesterday increased to a gale last night and was accompanied by hail and sleet. The ice to the north of Annanatook has so wasted that holes of water-miles in extent are visible. Last night the ice outside of the harbor, and for a long distance to the south and east, gave way and drifted to the north into these vacant places. This has afforded us quite a sea of water, which is not now more than seventy yards from the stern of the *Florence*. Some miles below this, again, there is a solid barrier of ice, extending from shore to shore and some fifty or sixty miles north-west, and *vice versa*, still adhering to the land. It is, of course, uncertain when this will

give way; but I do not think it can remain long, with water to the north and south of it.

Kuck-oo-jug and son, who went to the Kickertons some days ago, arrived last night. They had to make a long circuit to the westward, and came up the south shore, where the ice is still quite firm. I received a letter from Captain Hall by Kuck-oo-jug. He informed me that the pack-ice of Davis's Straits has been up to the floe edge or fast ice; that only lately it has drifted away, leaving them a chance to get their boats in the water to look for whales. He thinks the pack-ice is but a short distance below Warren's Island. As no whales are seen at the Kickertons, he supposes they are in the loose pack below.

The wind is still in the south-east, weather thick, and snow falling.

June 3.—We cannot complain of the weather to-day. It is very fine, with light, warm, variable winds. We broke the wasted ice around the vessel and hauled her to a safer position. The ice was so wasted on each side of the schooner for some distance that it was difficult to get on or off the vessel. Yesterday we had to use the small boat to break away between the vessel and the firm ice. We were employed to-day getting everything off the ice and stowed in the hold, to be ready for a general break-up.

June 4.—The light, variable wind and fine weather of yesterday did not last long. Toward evening the wind settled in the south-east and blew hard. At 6 o'clock p. m. it was blowing at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour, and it continued at this rate through the night. Some of the squalls must have travelled fifty miles an hour. The wind blows directly into the harbor. All the broken ice outside—and there were many miles of it—has gone to the north. The gale was not so violent this morning, but was still strong, with thick snow. The ice on the port side of the vessel has given away; also that attached to the little island about sixty yards to the south of the us. All of this ice is now pressing on the vessel, which is in turn pressing on the still-fast harbor ice to the north. We are in no immediate danger, however. The ice has given way a month earlier than usual. This has destroyed the sealing, the best month for that purpose being June. Of course, without ice very few seals are captured.

The strong belt of ice down the gulf is still fast. If it had given way it would have come to the north with the southerly wind.

June 5.—The wind continued to blow all day yesterday, and was accompanied by snow, hail, sleet, and rain. At 12 o'clock midnight snow commenced falling in earnest, and lay as it fell. This morning at 8

o'clock six inches of snow had fallen. At 12 o'clock meridian it was still snowing fast. We hove up one anchor to-day, washed deck, and are getting ready for a general tear-up. The ice is so wasted that one can scarcely reach the shore, and then it is done at the risk of falling through. Outside of the harbor it is all pack-ice, drifting with currents and wind.

June 6.—Shortly after 12 o'clock yesterday the wind veered to the north-west, and it continued to blow, accompanied by snow, till 2 o'clock this morning, when the snow ceased, the wind keeping up. The sun shines to-day, but it is quite cold. Thermometer last night read plus  $23^{\circ}$ . The land, which was getting clear of snow, is entirely covered again. We were employed to-day freeing the vessel and boats from snow and ice.

Mr. Sherman still travels to and fro between the vessel and the shore to take his observations, though he does so at the risk of a wet jacket. The Esquimaux men manage as yet to get out to the schooner and their meals. The women and children do not venture.

June 7.—Weather quite fine to-day; light breeze from north-west. Mr. Kumlein was off with the small boat collecting specimens. The ice has closed and shut off his passage to the vessel. At 6.30 p. m. he was trying to haul the boat over the ice to the open

water near the schooner. We were occupied with general ship work.

June 8.—Rain commenced falling this morning and it continued all day. Some of the Esquimaux are sealing, among the drifting cakes of ice, in kyacks and the small boat. Mr. Kumlein shot some few ducks and sandpipers and a glaucus-gull yesterday.

June 9.—Clear and fine. Rained nearly all night. Thermometer reads plus 55°. Mr. Kumlein is off for specimens, and some few of the Esquimaux are sealing to-day. Nep-e-ken brought me two burgomaster-gull's eggs last night.

June 10.—It was calm and quite warm in the morning. Toward evening a strong breeze sprang up from the north-west. Some of the Esquimaux are deer-hunting; others are sealing. Nep-e-ken brought one brent-goose to the vessel this evening. It is the first one I ever saw in Cumberland Gulf. Nep-e-ken, however, has seen them here before.

Engaged in sawing ice to-day to clear the vessel. I heard water running freely down the mountain side yesterday for the first time this season. Noticed numerous burgomaster-gulls and ducks around the pack or broken ice outside the harbor. There are indications of a storm this evening.

June 11.—Wind quite heavy to-day from north-west. At 11.30 A. M. the ice to the west of the schooner started and quickly fouled our hawser. It contained many acres, and, therefore, pressed the vessel heavily. Everything was prepared for just such an occurrence, however. Bending on our buoy rope, we let the cable run, and, hoisting jib and foresail, we were once more under way. The water makes from the west side of Annanatook Harbor to the north shore in a semicircle. There is good working room for a vessel while north-west winds prevail, as they drive all loose ice down the gulf until it meets the solid barrier below. Into this water we lay under short sail until the ice drifted out of the harbor, and then we returned to our anchorage. The vessel is light, which compelled us to work under short sail. On rounding the point to return to the anchorage we found it necessary to set the mainsail. It was reefed, but it keeled the schooner until the lee boats were in the water. I think that in some of the squalls the wind travelled sixty miles an hour.

Shortly after returning to our anchorage I attempted to go on shore. The ice in the inner harbor is quite good as yet, but it seems I found a weak spot in it, for I got a cold bath before reaching the shore.

The ice down the gulf appears to be solid and firm. I must try and secure the schooner's safety as soon as

the weather moderates. There is too much current here; hence a great deal of heavy drift ice.

June 12.—The gale still continues, and it is blowing very heavy. We are lying by one anchor, as we were unable to get the buoyed one last evening. The ice in the north section of the harbor still holds. The scientific observations are still kept up. It is only about one hundred yards from the vessel to the fast ice, which still remains in the inner harbor, and about three hundred yards more to the shore, where the observatory is situated. By manning a boat strong we can pull to the fast ice, land on it, and walk to the shore. Although the wind is strong the sea is not rough. The wind is directly off the land, and, surrounded as we are by land and ice, no sea can rise.

June 13.—We have still a strong breeze from the north-west. Everything remains about the same. The ice at the head of the harbor still holds, but, fearing it might come down upon the *Florence* and cause her to slip from her only anchor, we cut or sawed a dock in the ice in the inner harbor after breakfast this morning, which ice still holds firm and strong. By 12 meridian we had the *Florence* safe in the dock. I do not think that the drifting ice can cause any trouble here, as we lie in a snug little cul-de-sac, and, for the present, are clear of drift ice. This evening there is very little

wind, but the weather has a baleful, sombre appearance, and the thermometer is still inclined downward. After securing the schooner, we broke out the hold and stowed back, to be in readiness to take aboard some fresh water. We also repaired the gaff of the mainsail, which we found badly split at the jaws.

June 14.—Last night the wind came on very suddenly from the south-east, bringing snow and sleet. This morning it ceased and we have a light wind from the north-west, and, according to the appearance of the sky, a promise of plenty more. Employed to-day in hauling water and stowing it, preparatory to getting under way. It will be necessary, if we carry natives and dogs to the coast of Greenland, to take a large supply of water. Al-o-kee and Eg-e-low arrived from the Kickerton Islands last night. They report that one of the sealing steamers from Scotland has entered the gulf for whales, having failed in the sealing.

June 15.—Quite a breeze last night, which continued up to 3 o'clock to-day. Some of the Esquimaux have returned from deer-hunting. They killed two deer; two that were wounded escaped. We were employed to-day scraping, scouring, and washing the schooner preparatory to painting. Early this morning, when the breeze was the strongest, the whole mass of ice at the head of the outer harbor gave way

and drifted out. We would have had trouble had we remained at our former anchorage, but in this quiet little nook we are safe, at least for the present. The wind is again to the south-east this evening.

June 16.—Last night the south-east wind brought sleet, rain, and snow. This morning the wind was to the north-west. In the afternoon it commenced to blow hard, with snow and sleet. We certainly have bad weather. The Esquimaux returned last night from duck-shooting, bringing some few ducks. We are preserving the skins for foot-gear.

June 17.—All last night we had snow and sleet, and I think at times it might have been called rain. We had the wind from about every quarter. This morning the wind settled in the north-west, and from this quarter it continued to blow. The weather is so unsettled that we cannot do anything. We have prepared the vessel for painting, but cannot paint in such weather. The Esquimaux cannot hunt, nor can the squaws dry or cure skins.

June 18.—All kinds of weather. Last night the wind turned to the south and east. We have had snow, hail, sleet, and rain. Mr. Kumlein, with a native, went off in the little boat and brought back five ducks, two divers, and a gull. Nep-e-ken also shot sev-

eral on the ice close to the schooner. We had duck for dinner, whale-meat for breakfast, and I think we will have lobster for lunch—canned, however. All we needed to make a full bill of fare was fog, and that is coming now.

June 19.—Variety weather. Last night we had wind from the south-east. It rained, hailed, and blew strong until early morning, when it let go. The long-absent sun then condescended to show his face once more, and, as if to make up for his neglect, shone with great brilliancy and heat. Taking advantage of this, we commenced to saw the schooner farther into the ice, as that around us was getting rather weak. Mr. Sherman prepared his camera to take photographs of surrounding scenery, and Mr. Kumlein took the small boat, two Esquimaux, guns and ammunition, and launched forth on a day's hunt. Shortly after 12 meridian the heavens became darkened and it began to rain. The camera was abandoned, work on the vessel ceased, and all sought shelter except the hunters, who were far away and were soaked with rain.

Kuck-oo-jug started for the Kickertons yesterday, and I fear he will not be able to get back, as I think the ice down the gulf has given way, and all we need is a good northwester to drive it out. The present wind from the south-east is holding it up. Nep-e-ken and Ete-tun shot two oog-jooks this morning. I have

secured one of the bodies as a specimen for Kumlein. The skins will do for moccasin soles.

June 20.—The rain continued until 10.30 to-day, when the sun again shone for a short time. At meridian the sky again became clouded and the wind veered from the south to south-east, and there it remains.

Last evening, at 8.30 o'clock, the whole of the ice in the inner harbor made an effort to force its way out of the north passage. As the *Florence* is docked into this ice, it created for a time some little uneasiness, but the attempts of the ice to move out were futile. The passage was too small, and, after forcing its way some seventy yards, it stopped.

The Esquimaux shot another oog-jook this afternoon. Mr. Sherman has been forced to give up his observations at the observatory on account of the bad state of the ice. He continues them, however, on board.

I have been sounding up the lagoon leading to the north-west to-day, endeavoring to find some safer anchorage for the vessel, where she would be clear of drift ice, but none was found. We are still holding on to our dock in the ice, but we may have to let go at any moment. The ice barrier between here and the Kickertons has given way, but, instead of going down the gulf, it has gone to the head, having been

forced up by the southerly winds. There are only two small islands between the drifting mass of ice and the vessel to protect her.

June 21.—The wind continued from the south and east during the night, holding the broken floes hard pressed against the little islands which protect the vessel. Early this morning the wind came out from the north, with heavy snow-squalls. I was asleep in my berth at the time, but the wild roaring of the wind would have awakened Rip Van Winkle had he been asleep here. I got up and went on deck, when a scene of wild confusion presented itself. The ice outside of the harbor, feeling the force of the wind and tide, which latter was on the ebb, was moving southward with great rapidity, the heavier and stronger masses rushing on over the lighter and weaker, and in their headlong course grinding them to atoms. The noise accompanying this, the wild roaring of the wind, and the flying snow made up an awe-inspiring scene. The harbor ice soon commenced moving, this time trying to force its way out of the south-east passage, but it also proved too narrow, and the ice brought up hard against the land on both sides of the passage, and there it remains, and we remain with it, but not in an enviable situation; for we are surrounded by small islands and reefs, upon which the heavy ice may press the vessel at any moment. However, we have been at

work to-day, and hope to prevent any such termination of the "preliminary Arctic expedition." We have now about fifty yards of ice off one end, or fifty yards of scarf which set adrift about an acre of ice, and this gives us a chance to haul the *Florence* clear of danger.

This evening the weather is moderate. Through all the turmoil to-day, we have prepared our boats for whaling. The Esquimaux and myself sawed ice and the crew got the boats ready.

June 22.—Yesterday evening our north-west wind entirely left us. The tide was on the flood, and the piece of ice in which we were docked commenced moving toward the north-west shore, carrying the vessel into very shoal water. We just slipped our lines in time and towed clear. Towing out into the outer harbor, we dropped anchor in nine fathoms of water, and there lay through the night. Early this morning the wind came again from the south and east and I made an anchorage some hundred yards further in shore, hoping thereby to get out of the strength of the current and thus keep clear of the drift ice. The wind has been light all day, and the sky has been overcast. I was on the hill to-day and examined the ice to the south. There was nothing to be seen but a heavy mass of broken floes, interspersed here and there with a lonely space of water. The floes are

again pressing hard upon the little islands which protect us.

June 23.—Last evening, at 10 o'clock, the inner-harbor ice threatened our little vessel again. The wind came from the south, and the flood-tide was in its strength when the ice attempted to force its way out through the north passage into the outer harbor where the schooner lay. We prepared everything for its reception as best we could and waited. It jammed between the points of the two islands, and as the ebb-tide is making it must remain there till the next flood. At 5 a. m. it will be low water. At 4 I examined the situation. It was blowing a good breeze from the south, with occasional squalls from the south-east, and rain. It was not favorable. The attempt to move a vessel against a strong breeze and tide, with no room to work in except with lines, is not a pleasant task. Running a line, however, to the weather point of the ice, we tripped our anchor, and by hard hauling drew the vessel up to that point. We had just succeeded in doing this when the whole mass started. Running a line to the small island on which it had been jammed, we trusted to the schooner's strength, swung clear of the troublesome mass, and let it pass by, which it soon did. I was determined to get the schooner into the inner harbor if possible, and for that purpose now ran some three hundred and fifty fathoms of line in

near the observatory, and then, slackening both lines, brought the vessel down over the buoyed anchor, which was secured. The Esquimaux now came on board, which gave us strength, and by dint of hard hauling we managed to get the *Florence* into the inner harbor by 12 o'clock, when we had breakfast. The weather is most wretched.

The heavy floes are piled hard up against the little island, making it impossible to go out of the harbor, even with a kyack or boat.

June 24.—Cloudy, dreary weather. This morning early we were compelled to shift our anchorage again, as a large piece of ice threatened to foul the schooner. It has been calm most of the day. As for the sun, we scarcely know there is one, it so seldom shines. Shortly after dinner—3.30 p. m.—the wind breezed from the north-west and rain began falling. Mr. Kumlein went out to-day with some Esquimaux on a bird and egg hunt. As we are anchored close to the observatory, Mr. Sherman has resumed his observations. There is no appreciable change in the condition of the heavy floes outside.

June 25.—Rain fell till about 10 o'clock last night. It has been cloudy, damp, and chilly. The mists hang low on the mountains and the weather has a dreary, sombre aspect. The ice has moved down the gulf

some little distance, giving the boats a chance to move out of the harbor. Nep-e-ken has taken advantage of this, and gone, with nine others, bird and egg hunting. Mr. Kumlein brought back a few ducks and about two hundred eggs from yesterday's hunt. He also brought back quite a hole in the boat, caused by the premature discharge of his gun. He did not return till 6 o'clock this morning. Of course we are still at work trying to cure and dry skins, of which we have a fair quantity, yet not as many as I had hoped to get. We have a light breeze from the south this evening.

June 26.—Light westerly wind, accompanied by snow and sleet. The southerly wind held until 6 o'clock A. M., filling the harbor with ice. With the change of wind, however, the ice all disappeared. Ete-tun shot and secured two oog-jooks yesterday evening. As the skin of the oog-jook is the only one suitable for moccasin soles in this latitude, I am very much gratified to get them. We were employed to-day taking water on board. If this wind holds it will set the pack-ice down the gulf, and we will then get under way.

June 27.—“We have it!” Southerly wind, which is blowing strong, with sleet and rain. The ice is again hard packed on the land. Nep-e-ken and his party, who are off egg, bird, and seal hunting, cannot get here until there is a change in the wind. There

is quite a swell heaving from the south-east up the gulf—a certain sign that there is no pack-ice at the mouth. The weather is fearfully bad, and we are getting mouldy from the long-continued dampness.

June 28.—The weather was much better to-day. There was a light south-east wind, and it was warm and sunny. The wind holds the ice still pressed fast on the land. It lessens our prospect of getting a whale this summer. We should be out now looking for one, but we cannot go on account of ice. Nep-e-ken and party have not arrived, nor can they get here until there is a change in the wind. The squaws were actively at work to-day preparing skins. The air was about calm this evening.

June 29.—Cloudy, with indications of rain. The wind is to the south-east and the ice still jammed hard upon the land. I see no prospect of a change, at least for some time to come. The Esquimaux shot three more oog-jooks yesterday, and we have secured the skins.

June 30.—Cloudy and calm. The ice remains unchanged. Nep-e-ken and party managed to reach the vessel to-day by hauling their boat over the ice. When they had approached within a mile of the schooner a sleigh was sent to their assistance. This morning sev-

eral boats were discovered on the ice toward the north shore. They were being hauled over the broken floes, now and then finding a little lake of water into which they were launched. The party reached here at 2 p. m., and I found it composed of Captain Roach and several men from the Kickerton station. They left the station last Thursday, and are looking for whales. I hope for a north or north-west wind within twenty-four hours.

July 1.—Calm and foggy the fore part of the day, and the latter part we had a light breeze from the west, which lasted only a few hours. In the evening the wind came fresh from the south-east, with fog and heavy rain. I can see no hope of escape for an indefinite time. Roach and party are encamped on the ice in the little bay to the south-west of the harbor.

July 2.—Strong breeze from the south-east, with fog and rain. The harbor is full of broken ice.

July 3.—Rain fell in torrents all night. This morning the sky was overcast and a fog prevailed. The breeze was not quite as strong as it was yesterday. This evening there were indications of more rain. There has been no change in the ice. The harbor is still packed full. The Esquimaux come and go upon it

between the vessel and shore. The temperature was somewhat cooler this evening.

July 4.—Rain commenced falling at 10 o'clock last night and continued until 6 this morning, when the wind veered to the west. All day the wind was light and the sky overcast. The rain-clouds hung heavily and threateningly over us. This evening the wind breezed freshly from the west and rain fell. The harbor, which has been so packed with ice that it was almost impossible to reach the shore with a boat, was quite clear at 6 o'clock p. m. This is so, at least, in the vicinity of the schooner, and we can reach the shore once more. Two hours before this the male Esquimaux came to the vessel over the broken pieces of ice. The women and children, however, did not venture. Roach is still detained here by the ice, but if this wind holds I hope to see water in the morning, which will free him and us also.

## Part Third.

## ANNANATOOK TO DISCO.

July 5.—Last evening, after a contest of an hour or two between the south-east and westerly winds, the south-easter succumbed. We had quite a good breeze during the night. This morning it was light, but, notwithstanding this, I concluded to get under way. There was some little difficulty in getting the Esquimaux, their dogs, kyacks, and all their traps on board; but this was accomplished by 3 o'clock p. m., and then we started. Our first attempt was to get down the south shore, but at the Gloucester Islands, about twelve miles from the harbor, we met with ice packed hard against the land. Turning from that, we headed for the north shore, which we managed to reach a little below American Harbor, where we were again stopped by the ice. We then attempted to enter American Harbor, but the wind left us, and although we soon had two boats towing, the strong current refused to let us enter. So at 11 o'clock p. m., the time of the present writing, we are dodging about in the ice.

July 6.—Shortly after midnight last night the westerly wind died away, leaving us becalmed until morning. This morning, at 6 o'clock, the wind came from the south-east. As the weather has had a threatening

appearance during the last twenty-four hours, I concluded that the most prudent thing for us to do would be to make a harbor as soon as possible. American Harbor was then about twelve miles off, and was by all appearances free from ice. We endeavored once more to enter this harbor and headed for it. Rain soon began falling, the breeze freshened, and the ice to the south of us was coming up before the wind. We pressed on all canvas, and, in spite of the strong currents, we reached an anchorage in the harbor at 10.30 A. M. The water is very deep here—twenty-five fathoms, with mud bottom. Although the weather is bad, we manned a boat this afternoon, and Messrs. Kumlein and Sherman went to the shore, the former to collect specimens, and the latter to try, in the storm, to get some photographs of the place. Rain fell heavily all day and the wind this evening blew strong. It is almost impossible, with the annoyance of the Esquimaux children, the howling of the dogs, and an unsettled mind, to get any rest. The babies cry, the dogs howl, and the puppies cry, all in chorus.

July 7.—Until 2 o'clock A. M. the gale continued with fearful violence. It was just as much as we could do to breast the storm when walking from aft forward on the vessel's deck. Rain poured down in torrents. At 9 o'clock this evening we hauled the schooner's head in close to the island which shelters her from the

fury of the storm and drifting ice, and let go the big anchor. Fortunately no heavy ice fouled the vessel, nearly all of it sweeping some fifty yards to the eastward of where she lay. At 2 o'clock the wind abated. All hands were called and the big anchor was hove up, to prevent its fouling with the other anchor.

To-day we have westerly wind, with rain, hail, and sleet at times. Mr. Sherman persisted in stopping on shore last night to measure the tides and, if possible, to do something else in his line. This morning I sent a boat for him. He says he managed to get the tides, and, judging by his appearance, I think also one of the worst soakings he ever had.

July 8.—During the night the wind hauled to the south-east, and was accompanied by rain, snow, and sleet. At 12 meridian to-day the sun attempted to shine, and did actually appear for a few minutes, and then vanished. In spite of the bad weather, I concluded to take a boat and an Esquimaux boat's-crew and go down to see if there was anything left of the whale, and if not to bring back our canvas tent, cutting spades, tackle, &c., that were carried there in the spring. We started at 10 A. M., and after a good long pull, hauling over ice, and getting thoroughly wet, we succeeded in reaching within about four hundred yards of the carcass, where we were stopped by such ice as one could neither haul over nor pull through without

running the risk of a stoven boat or a wet jacket. I was in no humor for either of these alternatives, and so we stopped. We could see the carcass and cask. They were still there; but whether there is any oil left in the blubber, I cannot tell. We put about and started for the schooner. We had considerable difficulty in navigating through the ice to open water. We reached the vessel at 9 o'clock P. M., having picked up on the way a few ducks, a seal, and a white whale, which latter we found dead. Mr. Kumlein, who was with us, wished to save the bones of the whale for specimens; so I had it towed to a piece of ice, and, hauling it out of the water, the Esquimaux soon dissected it. We then put in the boat such parts of the remains as we wished to preserve, and proceeded on our way to the schooner. The ice is very much wasted; and it cannot interfere with us much longer.

July 9.—We have a fresh breeze from the south-east to-day. The weather is cloudy and a fog hangs heavily over the land. Mr. Sherman is on shore, trying to ascertain the elevation of some of the prominent mountains. Mr. Kumlein is also on shore, cleaning and preparing his white-whale specimen. The Esquimaux are assisting him. We on board are getting water and breaking out provisions,—enough, I hope, to last until we get clear of the Esquimaux; and by getting out enough provisions now we need not encroach upon their do-

main until we arrive at Disco Island. The weather is so very bad that I fear some of the skins which could not be dried will spoil.

July 10.—Cloudy and foggy over the land. A fresh breeze prevails from the south-east. Rain fell by spells all night. There is considerable ice outside of the harbor. Mr. Kumlein and some of the Esquimaux were off gathering specimens to-day, and Mr. Sherman was engaged taking photographs of the surrounding country from the deck of the schooner. If there is an opportunity, we will get under way again to-night or to-morrow.

July 11.—Cloudy; occasional showers of rain. All the morning the wind was light and variable. This afternoon we had a light breeze from the north. The ice outside of the harbor is in much the same condition. Some of the skins which we have heretofore been unable to dry, and which we had barreled up, were found this morning to be spoiling. I therefore sent them ashore, and the squaws with them, to dry them, if possible. I fear it will be difficult to do so if the prevailing showers continue.

The Esquimaux are off sealing in their boats. They will, if possible, before their return, ascertain the position of the ice to the south-east of us. But the wind hangs to the south-east, and that is dead ahead. We

have another man down with a sore hand. We were employed to-day getting some fresh water; with the Esquimaux and dogs, we use it very fast.

July 12.—Quite clear to-day. Our northerly wind yesterday lasted about an hour; then it hauled to the south-east and brought rain. It did not have any appreciable effect on the ice outside. I sent a boat to the point at which the whale lies to bring back all our gear remaining there. As it is getting late in the season we will have no time to spare, and will therefore have to leave at the first opportunity.

The Esquimaux shot two more oog-jooks yesterday. The squaws are at work on the shore drying the skins. For a wonder, it does not rain to-day. We had a light breeze from the south, and the air is dark and heavy down the gulf, as if another storm was close upon us. The ice outside is merely a shell. With a fair wind for a few hours we would be free. The boat returned from the whale at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The crew report considerable water below. We will try in the morning to break through the ice between the vessel and open water. We have quite a number of skins on shore drying.

July 13.—Clear and fine. This morning at five o'clock all hands were called to get under way. It was calm, but the tide was at the flood, and I intended

to take the strong ebb-tide, and, with the aid of the freshet, get a good offing before the return tide. The half-cured skins and the dogs were soon on board, we tripped our anchor, and, with the aid of boats, soon cleared the harbor. On getting well off shore a light west wind rendered the use of boats no longer necessary, and they were hoisted. We went along finely. The water was as smooth as a mirror. We steered directly for New Norvion, on the south side of the gulf and about ninety miles distant. As we approached this place we found it surrounded by ice, and while working through this we heard several guns fire in shore. We stood in the direction of the reports, and soon saw two boats coming. They came alongside, and proved to contain crews of Esquimaux who had been in the service of the Scotch during the last year. I soon got the information that they were off on a deer-hunt, and that the Esquimaux who had promised to go with me to the coast of Greenland had gone deer-hunting several days ago. I endeavored to prevail upon some of these to accompany me, but they would not listen to it. I now paid off and left two Esquimaux families that we had taken from Niantilic to Annanatook last fall. This leaves me Nep-e-ken and his family, Ete-tun and his family, Chummy, and Al-o-kee—four men, two squaws, and four children. After getting clear of these Esquimaux we immediately bore up for the Kickertons, then about fifty

miles distant. At 12 o'clock midnight we had no wind. At 12 o'clock midday on the 14th there was still no wind, and one boat was out towing. We have not force enough to man two boats. Kickerton was at this time about eight miles off. I could see no vessel in the harbor.

July 15.—Clear and fine. Yesterday we managed to reach an anchorage at Kickerton Island by dint of hard rowing, assisted a little by fitful winds. Here I heard from Mr. Meech, who has charge of the Scotch station now, that the vessels have all left for home, and that Captain Roach has broken up the American station by order of Mr. Williams, of New London; also that he and his crew have gone home by way of Scotland. Captain Roach left me two fine sleighs and some jaw-bones of whales, to be used in making other sleighs; also paint, kerosene oil, varnish, and a signal lantern. Had we reached here a few days ago we could have procured quite an addition to our store of skins. The Scotch vessels have all failed in the whaling this season. Two have got nothing; one ship has one whale and another two. We are actively at work getting everything in order for a final start to the coast of Greenland. I sent a number of skins on shore this morning to be cleaned and dried. They were spoiling.

July 16.—Cloudy and foggy. Yesterday afternoon

rain commenced falling. The skin-drying had, of course, to be abandoned. We were employed to-day preparing a place in the vessel's hold for the Esquimaux to live in during the passage to Greenland. Rain fell in the latter part of the day. A strong wind from the south-east prevailed. It was my intention to get under way this evening, but I concluded to remain here until there was a favorable change in the weather. With the present weather we could make no headway.

July 17.—Cloudy, with light, variable wind. This morning we commenced to get the Esquimaux and dogs on board for a start. By 1 o'clock p. m. this was accomplished and we got under way. On getting outside of the harbor we found the wind very light from the south, scarcely strong enough to afford steerage-way. At the Kickerton Islands we got an addition of one native, three squaws, and two children to our crew. We have now five men, five squaws, and five children on board, and I think that will be enough. We have also nearly thirty dogs, with sledges, &c. We are now bound for Niantilic, to get some skins left for me by Tes-e-wane, the native with whom we left the trade last fall.

July 18.—The weather remained calm until 9 o'clock last evening. Then we got a light breeze from

the south-south-east, almost directly ahead, as Niantilic is south of the Kickertons. The breeze lasted until 12 midnight, when it died away, leaving us becalmed in a thick fog. This morning, at 9 o'clock, the fog lifted, and at 12 noon we were favored with another light breeze from the same quarter as the one last night.

July 19.—Very fine weather. We managed to reach Blacklead Island, five miles from Niantilic, at 3 o'clock this morning. I took a boat and an Esquimaux crew and went on shore to allow the Esquimaux to have a talk with their friends and relatives. We bade them good-by and returned to the *Florence*. At 4 o'clock P. M. we set all sail, having a good breeze from the north-west, and stood down the gulf. At 5 P. M. we were abreast of Leopold and Coburg Island, off Cape Mercy. There is some little ice and a number of bergs, but nothing as yet to stop our way. The weather is delightful. It is bright and sunny, with a good strong breeze. Mr. Kumlein is now sketching the cape, a very bold, time, weather, and ice worn headland, in latitude  $64^{\circ} 50'$  north, longitude  $63^{\circ} 30'$  west.

July 20.—We had fine weather and light variable winds during the night. At 7 o'clock A. M. we discovered a bear among the floating ice-floes. It was soon dispatched and on board, and it proved to be

quite a large one. To-day we had wind from the south. At 12 meridian the weather was very fine, with the barometer inclined downward. I think at 12 we were nearly, if not entirely, clear of the drifting floes of ice. Some of them are very heavy, and, having to force our way through a narrow stream, last night we struck one of them a severe blow, which I fear has set the schooner leaking somewhat. Cape Walsingham was in sight this noon.

July 21.—The weather is very bad. We have strong winds and thick fog. The *Florence* is under close-reefed sails, and we are beating at random through the fog. I hoped last night that we were clear of ice, but we still find plenty of it, and it is heavy, there being many bergs, making navigation dangerous.

July 22.—The weather is still foggy. Yesterday, toward evening, the wind died away, leaving us almost becalmed. The air still remained densely thick with fog, but we went groping along among the floes. Upon going to the mast-head I could see no outlet ahead;—nothing but a mass of heavy floes. To the north-east there was the appearance of water, but how much it was impossible to tell. I determined to get the vessel there if possible. All hands were called, and both boats were put ahead to tow and assist in

tacking the schooner, as it was almost calm and there was but small beating space between the floes. One boat was manned by the Esquimaux; the other by our own crew. By their aid and quick work we managed to get the schooner into water where there was room to work her, when all hands were called on board. Sail was made to beat up to the north-east to the open water. At this time the fog shut down again, but I had taken the bearings of the water, and, having a little breeze, I supposed I would soon reach it. We now took in the flying-jib and gafftopsail, hauled the jib to the mast, and lay-to.

July 23.—Ice in every direction; thick fog and rain; wind from the south-east. We are dodging in a hole of water. How much water or how much ice there is around us, we cannot tell in this thick weather. It is weary work. Time is slipping fast and it is impossible to do anything. This is the third day of thick weather and easterly winds.

July 24.—Heavy wind from the east; weather thick and rainy. We have been beating all day to the east through the broken floes. This evening, at 7.30, we tied up to a piece of ice. The weather is very hard. We have a head-wind and plenty of ice. We are now in latitude  $66^{\circ}$  north, longitude  $59^{\circ}$  west. There appears to be no end to the ice. The nights are some-

what dark at midnight, and that, with the fog and a gale of wind, renders it dangerous to attempt to work through the floating masses. We have been all day under close-reefed sails.

July 25.—The heavy wind from the east continues. Last night we were busy until 12 o'clock trying to keep the vessel from collision with the heavy floes. There is quite a swell under the ice, and it is very dangerous to let the schooner get between two floes or bergs, as there are spurs projecting under the water from them all. At 12 the wind died away, leaving us fog and rain. This morning the sun was out, but the weather had a threatening look. At 12 meridian our latitude was  $65^{\circ} 55'$  north and our longitude  $58^{\circ}$  west. It is the only day since our departure from Niantilic that was favorable for an observation. After 12 it commenced to blow, with rain and thick weather. The barometer is very low and still inclined down. Everybody is gloomy, and even the dogs howl in their distress. It is, indeed, a gloomy and cheerless time. Never before have I experienced such a continuation of bad weather on this coast.

July 26.—Cloudy and hazy; fresh breeze from south-south-east. At 10 A. M. we cast off our lines from the piece of floe to which we had been fastened the last two days. We then made sail and commenced

working to windward. The ice is quite close, and a vessel longer than the *Florence* would scarcely work through it. Last night, at 12, a very heavy wind prevailed. Yesterday afternoon one of the Esquimaux came and asked me to let one of the women ankoot for better weather. I could see that they were getting nervous over the long spell of bad weather; so, to encourage them, I consented to give her a skirt as a fee. They had it hot and heavy last night. The result was somewhat better weather this morning, but the wind was still ahead. We were at noon in latitude  $65^{\circ} 55'$  north, longitude  $58^{\circ}$  west.

July 27.—Cloudy, with strong breeze from the south-south-west. At 8 o'clock last evening we succeeded in getting out of the ice. We came out under close-reefed sails, and if the schooner *Florence* was ever in danger of having her sides stove in, she was then. We pressed on all the canvas she could bear on getting out, so as to make an opening and get clear of bergs and scattered pieces, but at 1 o'clock A. M. the sea was so heavy and the wind so strong that we were compelled to come under storm-sails. The poor Esquimaux and dogs suffer a great deal, as they are not accustomed to the sea. We have the Esquimaux and the puppies battened down in the hold of the vessel.

July 28.—Hazy, but sun shone, with light breeze

from east and north-east. We kept off for Disco yesterday as the wind moderated. We are now about eighty-five miles from the island, and are running with light wind.

July 29.—Yesterday afternoon our light wind and fair weather did not last long. Toward evening the wind commenced to blow from the north-north-east, and by 2 A. M. we were under storm-sails. The weather had a most ominous appearance. The wind swept down upon us with great force. Shortly after a dense black bank of cloud came sweeping down toward the schooner, and we were soon enveloped in as dense a black fog as I ever saw. The fog had a tendency to kill the wind somewhat, but we were under storm-sails all night. This morning we set foresail and mainsail, both close reefed, with bonnet out of jib. At 10 A. M. the sea is still quite bad and the weather no better; thick and rainy. We are near land and not far from Disco Island, but dare not steer for it in this dense weather and heavy sea. This evening the wind was from the western quarter, directly on the land, but I am very uncertain whether it will remain there. One of our dogs died or was killed last night.

July 30.—Cloudy, with light breeze from the north-north-east and quite a heavy swell. Rain fell heavily all night and the air was thick. This morning the

coast of Greenland was in sight, about fifty miles distant. The wind is directly ahead, and it is light; the swell is heavy. We are making but little headway. We have now lost two dogs. A great many birds are in sight, and we have passed hundreds.

July 31.—Cloudy, and very thick at times. Yesterday evening the wind hauled to the north. Rain has commenced falling again, and the atmosphere has become foggy. I can only guess as to our position, as it has been impossible to get observations. At 11 o'clock we sighted the island. We made Fortune Bay, a short distance to the west of the harbor of Disco. The wind left us at 5 o'clock a. m. I called all hands and sent two boats ahead to tow. The air had become so thick that at times, though close in, we could not see the shore; but we pulled through and managed to get safely anchored at 8 o'clock a. m. Here we find a Danish bark, but no American vessel.

August 1.—Cloudy and foggy; wind south-east. Two steamers hove in sight to-day from the north. One came into the harbor and towed out the Danish bark, the captain of which is bound to Upernivik. The Danish and Scotch vessels have been unable to reach Upernivik this season on account of ice. This has been one of the most icy seasons known for many years. We caught quite a quantity of codfish to-day,

which, of course, made a feast for us. We are looking anxiously for the expedition.

August 5.—The weather during the last four days has been very fine, and we have taken advantage of it to paint our vessel. Every morning the Esquimaux are sent to feed the dogs, which have been landed on one of the outer islands, and there they remain until night. We have no communication whatever with the people on shore. On our arrival here Governor Smith was absent. One or two of his subordinates to-day came alongside and informed me that the Governor had left orders that there should be no communication between the vessel and shore. I asked the reason of this strange order, and was informed that one Captain Adams of the Scotch steamer *Arctic* had been here in the early spring and told the Governor that the Esquimaux and crew of the schooner *Florence* were all diseased. I asked permission to land my dogs remote from the town, which was accorded. The following day one of the inhabitants came off in a kyack, paddled alongside, and brought me some late papers. Messrs. Sherman and Kumlein, with an Esquimaux crew, went to the Blue Mountains to-day, for the purpose of ascertaining something about the meteoric stones found there.

August 6.—Cloudy and foggy. It is difficult to tell,

in this little basin, which way the wind is from. Messrs. Sherman and Kumlein have not returned yet. We were employed to-day scraping our masts and booms. I feel very much disappointed at the non-appearance of the expedition and at having received no word from Captain Howgate or from home. There is a rumor here that the American Government has bought the English steamer *Pandora*, and that she is to come here.

August 7.—Very fine weather. Having about all our work done, the crew were off fishing to-day, to make our provisions hold out. Messrs. Sherman and Kumlein returned this morning at 4 o'clock. They found the place at which Nordenskjold discovered meteoric stones and brought back a few specimens; very small ones, however. They were told by a native whom they found encamped near by that he knew the locality of two large ones. If the weather permits we will try to find them. Mr. Kumlein has been quite successful in his line, as he has got several rare birds.

August 8.—Quite fine weather. Last night it was very foggy. We were employed to-day getting fresh water and fishing for codfish, on which latter we dine every day. We made a trade to-day for a piece of meteoric stone from the Blue Mountains. One of the natives brought it. It will weigh about two pounds.

August 9.—Very fine weather. We have, of course, daylight during most of the twenty-four hours, and nearly continuous sunshine. If it were not for the mosquitoes one could enjoy a ramble on the shore. They number millions, and even attack us on the vessel. Several of the crew are fairly poisoned with their bites. Messrs. Sherman and Kumlein again went to the Blue Mountains to-day, and were accompanied by a native boat-crew. They were provided with tackle, crowbars and rope, to raise any meteoric stones that they may find, if not too heavy. If they find any stones so heavy that they cannot raise them, I will go down with the schooner, if the weather permits, and render assistance. A Danish brig entered the harbor last evening.

August 10.—Very fine weather. The crew were off fishing to-day. We must catch fish for dog-food, as we have no other. The name of the Danish brig is the *Whalefish*, and the captain's name is Kettles. The captain was on board last evening. He cannot speak much English, nor can I much Danish, but we manage to understand each other. This morning a small schooner of about ten tons came in.

August 11.—Cloudy and cool. It is the only day since we came here on which we have not been molested by mosquitoes. The wind is from the north

and east, and the atmosphere is somewhat foggy over the land. Messrs. Sherman and Kumlein returned last evening. Sherman found two fair specimens of what is supposed to be meteoric stone. Kumlein secured a tounkfish and some few birds. He also added somewhat to his collection in botany. It is Sunday, and the little bell on shore summoned the people to church. We have no communication with them. Every day the boats from shore, containing the half-breeds of the settlement, come around the schooner to gaze upon the West Land Esquimaux, but none of these visitors are allowed on board. There is now scarcely a pure-blooded Esquimaux on the coast of Greenland. Light hair, red hair, and blue eyes are common. No expedition yet. We are out of fuel.

August 12.—Strong wind to-day, but pleasant withal. We were employed to-day getting water. We will get under way on the 15th, if the weather is favorable.

August 13.—Cloudy weather, with a strong breeze from the north-east. We were employed to-day fishing. Mr. Kumlein is repainting the name of the schooner, which had been erased when she received her new coat of paint, soon after our arrival here. Mr. Smith, the inspector, sent a boat yesterday afternoon with a request for me to come on shore, as he

wished to see me. He says that the surgeon and captain of the steamer *Arctic* informed him that there was a great deal of sickness among the Esquimaux in the gulf, and that it was only to protect his own Esquimaux from disease that he issued the order forbidding communication with us. I shall get what I need here,—some little coal, some sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Then I must take the Esquimaux and their dogs to their native land. After that we shall be homeward bound! Mr. Smith informs me that he read in a Danish paper that the expedition had been postponed until next year.

August 14.—We are having another spell of bad weather. The wind is from the north-east, but it is only local, as there is a heavy sea coming from the south and east. Rain is falling. Mr. Kumlein; Mr. Sherman, and myself were on shore to-day, and dined with the inspector. This is the first sign of civilization we have had the pleasure of seeing for more than a year. Mr. Smith has a very pleasant family, and so has Mr. Fingers, the government store-keeper. I bought of the inspector one and a half tons of coal, forty pounds of coffee, forty pounds of sugar, and twenty-five pounds of tobacco.

The Danish brig left early this morning. I expected to leave to-morrow, but Mr. Smith is looking constantly for dispatches by two vessels that sailed from Den-

mark in July, and he thinks there will be letters for the *Florence* by them. The straits have not been so full of ice for many years.

August 15.—Very bad weather. The wind strong from the south-east. It is raining also. We did nothing to-day, as it was stormy. We will wait till better weather before we get our coal, &c.

August 18.—The weather for the last three days has been anything but good. We have had strong wind and rain continuously. To-day we made an attempt to feed our dogs, but were unable to effect a landing on account of the heavy sea. It rained very hard. The wind here in the harbor is eastward, but outside it must be from the south-east, or we would not have had such a sea. The inspector is looking every moment for late letters from Denmark, and we hope to receive some also.

August 21.—Yesterday we had clear weather, for the first time in several days. To-day it is also pleasant. Neither letters nor vessels have arrived. The inspector fears for the safety of the vessels. We, of course, cannot wait much longer.

*Part Fourth.**HOMEWARD BOUND.*

August 22.—This evening, at 8 o'clock, we got under way. About the time we were starting word came from the shore that a Danish vessel was in sight. The inspector came on board and wished me to await her arrival, as he thought she must have letters for us. But I had waited long enough and was determined to go. I bought of the inspector a half-ton more coal, forty pounds of sugar, forty pounds of coffee, twenty-five pounds of tobacco, and three hundred and seventy-five pounds of bread. If the pack-ice is at Cumberland now, we may be a month landing the Esquimaux and the dogs, and it is only prudent that we should provide for such an emergency. On getting out to the island where our dogs have been domiciled during our stay at Disco, I sent a boat for them, and as soon as they were on board we started down the straits.

August 23.—Weather quite fine; wind to the northwest. We have sighted ice, and are steering a little on the coast of Greenland to avoid it.

August 24.—We have a fresh breeze from the east-

south-east, accompanied by rain. We were under storm-sails in the evening or early night. The wind is increasing and the rain continues.

August 25.—Strong wind from south-east. We are under storm-sails. The weather is rainy and thick. The Esquimaux are barred down under the hatches. The dogs suffer a great deal from the sea washing over them and from hunger.

August 26.—The weather to-day was, if anything, worse than yesterday.

August 27.—Last night was one of the worst I ever passed at sea. The wind blew heavily and the sea ran high. We are surrounded by many icebergs, which we see occasionally through the storm. The greater part of the time, however, we cannot see more than ten yards from the schooner. So far we have drifted clear of everything. The gale began to abate this afternoon. The wind hauled to the south and the atmosphere cleared a little. At 3.30 p. m. land was sighted. I instantly wore the vessel around, put the jib on, shook one reef out of the foresail, and, with her head off shore, let her go. The sea was running very high, and at every plunge the schooner's head would disappear beneath the waves; so we had to reef the

foresail again; with bob-jib, close-reefed foresail, and storm-staysail we worked off shore.

August 31.—For nearly three days we have had quite calm weather. The wind was very light, and fog prevailed the greater part of the time. Last night we doubled Cape Mercy, and reached Niantilic Harbor at 3 o'clock p. m. to-day. Here we found the American schooner *Franklin*, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. We heard from Captain Church, of the *Franklin*, that a bark from the same place is at the Kickertons.

September 2.—Yesterday, being Sunday, we rested, and indeed the men need rest; for they have had but little for the last nine days. To-day I discharged the Esquimaux. I gave them one boat, four guns, all the remaining ammunition, two opera-glasses, one suit of clothing each, nearly all of the Danish bread we bought at Disco, some little molasses, and one tent. We will now get water and prepare for the home voyage.

September 8.—We have been quite idle during the last six days. The wind has been principally from the south, when a calm did not prevail. Yesterday a rain-storm came, accompanied by very strong wind from the south-east. To-day the wind is from the west. I

shall wait until the full of the moon before starting for home.

September 11.—We have a high wind from the north-west to-day. I intended to start for home this morning, but the wind blew so strong that it was impossible to get our anchors. Yesterday we had a south-east snow-storm. The land is covered with snow, and it looks like early winter. The fresh-water ponds are freezing. Ice is also making on our decks. The water has fallen in temperature the last three days from plus 38° to plus 33°.

September 12.—All yesterday and up to 12 o'clock last night the wind blew from the north-west with terrible violence. The vessel trembled in every timber. Both anchors are ahead and both chains are out their full length. At times the snow was so dense that we could see only a few yards. At 12 midnight the wind abated and hauled to the south-east. It is still snowing heavily. I wish to get under way, but cannot in such weather. It is very cold and ice is making fast.

September 13.—Yesterday afternoon the wind veered again to the west. At 3.30 o'clock we got under way. At 5 o'clock the wind blew heavily, accompanied at times with snow. We are running under close-reefed foresail and bonnet out of jib. Toward mid-

night the storm abated a little. Snow stopped falling, and I am glad of it; for there are many bergs about. The sea is very heavy, and as it sweeps across our decks it leaves them covered with pash-ice. One sea came over the stern, and a portion of it landed in the cabin. To-day the weather is better, but we have a strong breeze from the west. At noon we sighted Lady Franklin Island. There are many bergs here-about. Yesterday, on coming out of the harbor, we spoke the *Eliza P. Simmons*, schooner, Captain James Budington. He came on board and informed us that his vessel passed last winter in Repulse Bay. The whaling having failed there, he has come to the gulf in the hope of getting something this fall. Captain Spicer's bark *Nile* is also here, and has likewise failed. The schooner *Era*, Captain Miner, is at New-gum-eute, clean. All three vessels wintered in Hudson's Straits last winter.

September 14.—Weather quite fine to-day. Yesterday and last night we had a strong breeze from the west and north-west. A very heavy sea is running. We have passed many bergs and smaller pieces of ice. The small pieces are the most dangerous, as it is difficult to see them in the night, especially when we are running in heavy weather. It is difficult at times to distinguish ice from sea-caps. At noon we were in latitude  $60^{\circ} 10'$ . We have made a run in the last two

days of three hundred and fifty miles. Ice made quite freely last night, but the temperature is moderating to-day. Many bergs were in sight this afternoon. The barometer is high, and the cirrus clouds denote more wind. Our longitude is approximately  $62^{\circ}$  west. We are about sixty miles off Cape Chidleigh, the south cape of Hudson's Straits. We had snow-squalls through the night.

September 15.—Last evening the wind veered to the east. The clouds had a dark and threatening appearance, and we all looked for another storm. Through the night, however, the weather remained very moderate; indeed, nearly calm. We had occasional snow-squalls, but there was only slight wind in them. The weather has been calm nearly all day to-day. This evening we have a light breeze from the north. We still see bergs. Our longitude, by observation, is  $60^{\circ} 7'$  west; latitude at noon  $58^{\circ} 59'$ .

September 16.—Cloudy, heavy-looking weather. The wind this afternoon hauled from north-west to south-west. We had considerable snow and a very strong breeze last night. In fact, the wind, if we had not been running off before it, would have been called a gale. One berg was seen last night. Many land birds are around us, some of which come on board,

rest awhile, and then depart landward. Latitude at noon  $57^{\circ} 9'$  north, longitude  $58^{\circ} 25'$  west.

September 17.—Yesterday evening the wind hauled to the south-east. It soon increased to a strong breeze, accompanied by rain. The temperature, which has been quite low, has moderated. The wind in the night brought us down to storm-sails, but it has decreased to-day. It is raining. We have seen no ice since night before last.

September 18.—We had calm weather last night. This morning, at 4 o'clock, the wind breezed from the south-south-east and brought a very dense fog with it. We are making very slow progress. The wind is dead ahead.

September 19.—Yesterday evening the wind blew strong from the south-south-east, with rain. Toward midnight it veered to the south-west and brought the *Florence* down to storm-sails. This morning it was more moderate, but was still strong. We kept off under three reefed sails. The day is clear and bright. A heavy sea is running. At noon our latitude was  $55^{\circ} 46'$  north, longitude  $53^{\circ} 39'$  west.

September 20.—Wind strong from the south. The vessel is under storm-sails. Raining. The weather

is the worst that can be imagined. One cannot conceive anything equal to it. One storm follows another in quick succession. Night after night we do not know what it is to undress to sleep. It seems as though all our efforts are required to keep the schooner above water.

September 21.—We were under storm-sails all night. Toward morning the wind veered to the west and staid in that quarter two or three hours. It was very light, however. At daybreak it hauled to the east, but continued light. As there was a heavy sea running, it was impossible to make any sail. At 9 a. m. I put three reefed sails on the vessel. There were then a strong breeze from the south-east, a thick fog, and a heavy swell, from yesterday's and last night's gale. If this weather continues much longer we shall all be web-footed. At 3 p. m. we again hove-to under close-reefed foresail, with the wind about south true and south-west by compass. The variation is  $45^{\circ}$  to the west. Latitude  $55^{\circ}$  north, longitude  $51^{\circ}$  west.

September 22.—All last night the wind raged furiously. We had no sail on the schooner except close-reefed foresail, with the throat hauled down and the storm-staysail lowered, so as to expose as little canvas as possible to the fury of the blast. Toward morning the wind abated, and at 6 a. m. it had ceased entirely.

We are now lying rolling in the heavy swell left by the gale. The weather is cloudy and heavy-looking.

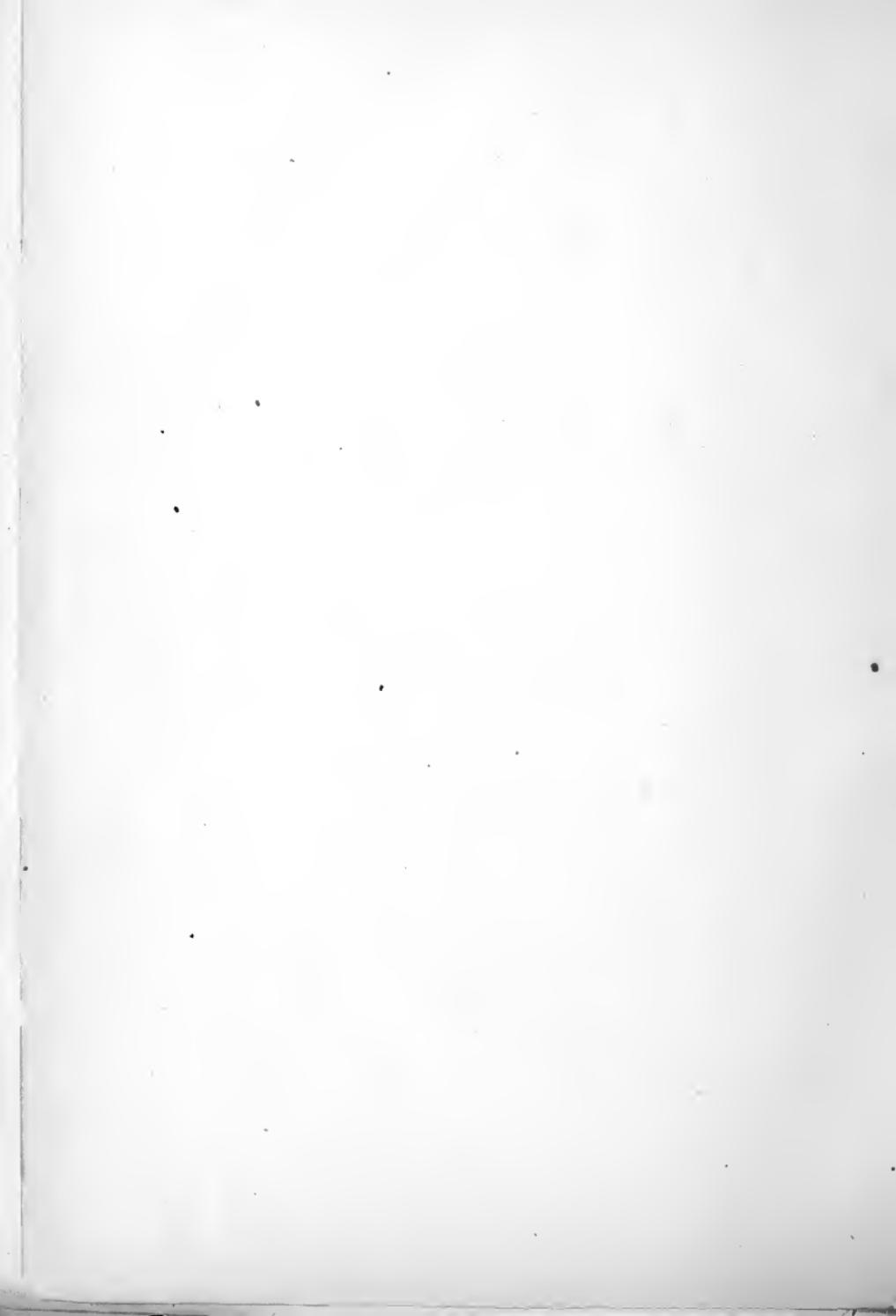
September 23.—We lay all day yesterday wallowing in the swell. At 3 p. m. a heavy, dense fog set in, and at 8 a breeze came from the north-east, bringing rain. The weather soon became squally, the wind coming from north-east and north. The night was intensely dark and stormy. At 11 p. m. the jibstay parted. As this supported our mast, quick work was necessary to secure it. All hands were called and all sail was taken off the vessel, and she was kept directly before the wind, to continue that course until such time as the mast could be secured by tackle. In doing this she reeled heavily and put three men under water, but fortunately the plunge did no other damage. By 1 o'clock a. m. everything had been secured, and we resumed our course under the squaresail. This morning the wind was north, or a little west of north. I set a close-reefed foresail. Raining and blowing fresh.

September 24.—Yesterday, at 11.30 a. m., the wind hauled to the north-east and rapidly increased in force. A very heavy sea was running. At 12 meridian we came under storm-sails.

September 25.—The gale has been most terrific. At times we thought the little schooner could not live

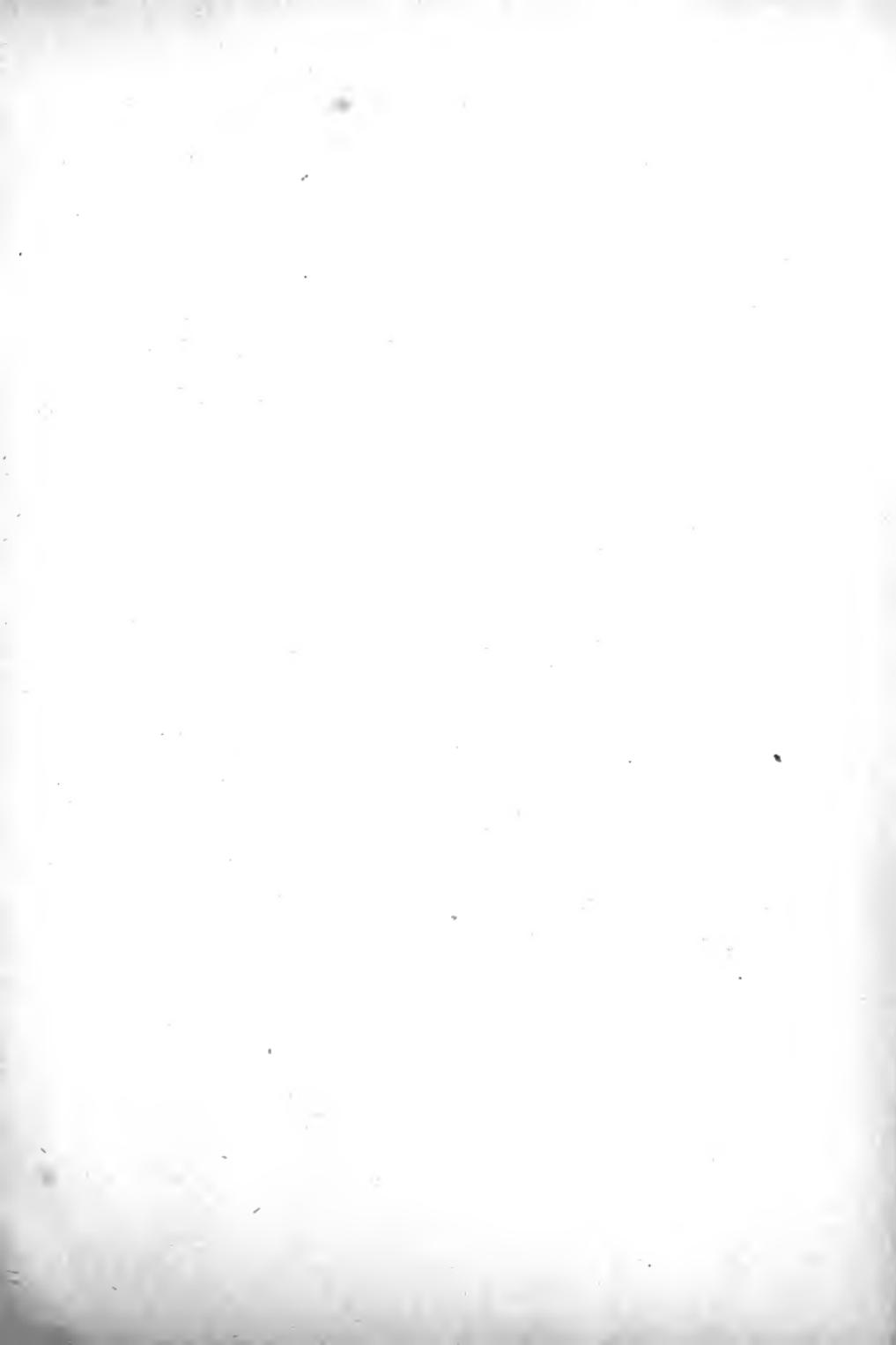
through it. It moderated this evening and rain commenced falling. At 11 p. m. we kept off under close-reefed foresail, storm-staysail, and bonnet off jib.

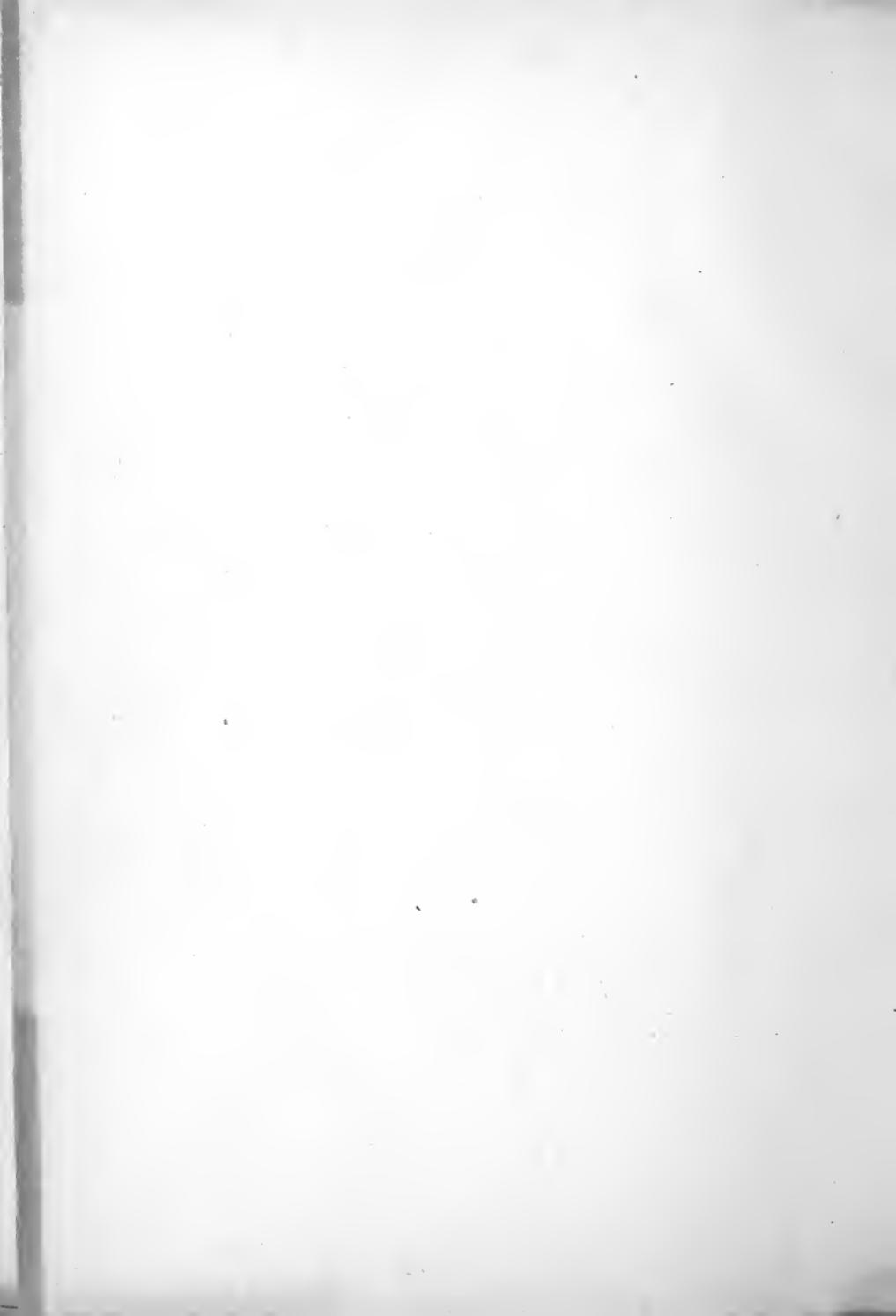
September 26.—Came to anchor at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and here will rest awhile to recruit. While here we will repair our jibstay and bend a new foresail. In such weather as we have had we need everything new and strong.













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 315 399 9